

Life

April 5, 1929

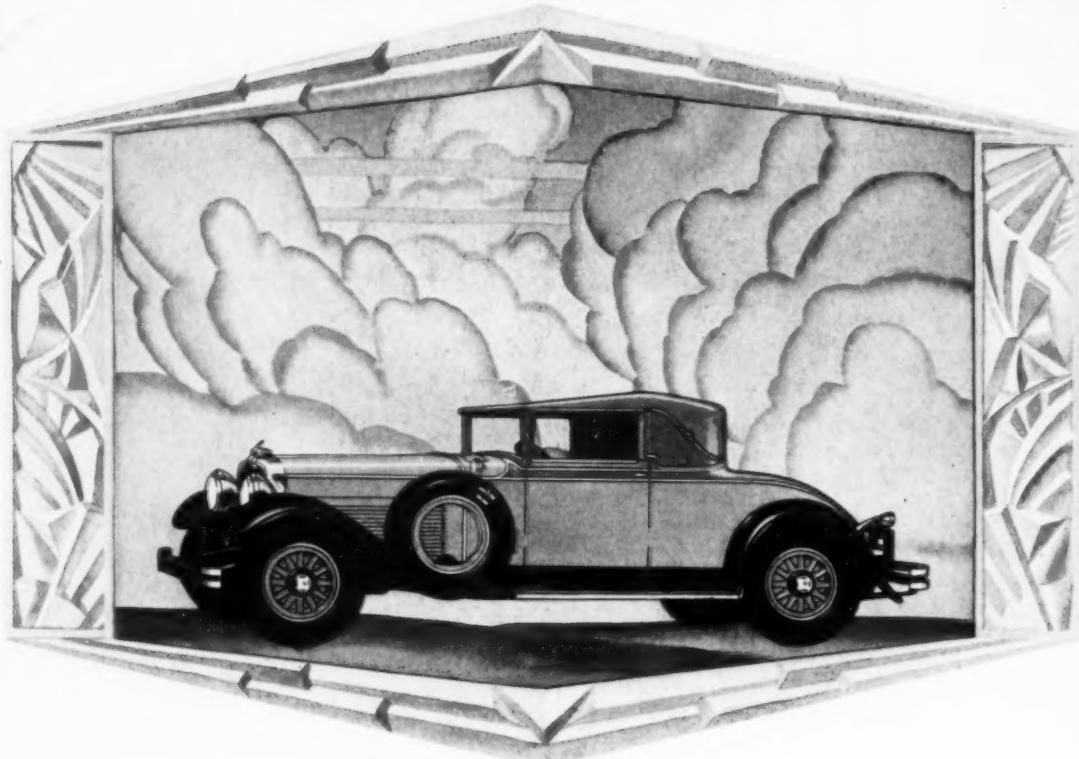
10¢



*Travel
Number*

Going away for a change





What is the most modern car?

With motors especially designed to meet the road requirements of today and tomorrow—

With four-speed transmissions of startling efficiency—

With worm-drive and consequently low center of gravity, and its unmatched safety—

With a new kind of *de-celeration*, made possible by the mightiest of brakes—

With the "Noback," an entirely new device which automatically prevents undesirable back-rolling on hills—

With safety glass, of course, and brilliant speed and comfort supreme—

These two cars cap the very apex of modernism.

And they have easily commanded a prestige and financial resourcefulness that is a truly modern achievement.

Stutz \$3395 to \$6895, Blackhawk \$2345 to \$2955, f. o. b. Indianapolis

S T U T Z
a n d
B L A C K H A W K



Quiet in the Studio! Not even an undesired whisper may enter the sensitive microphones!

SOUND PICTURES

... a product of the telephone



 **U**T of a half century's experience, the Bell Telephone Laboratories developed for Western Electric the first successful system of sound pictures.

This system (embracing Vitaphone and Movietone) makes possible a great new art in entertainment. Now, in theatres all over the country—Western Electric equipped—you can hear stars of motion pictures, opera and stage in life-like renderings from the screen.

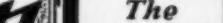
Hear and see the world's greatest personalities as they talk from the screen.

**Hear orchestral accompaniment
played from the screen . . . the
actual roar of an airplane . . . the
thunder of galloping hoofs!**

**Yesterday's dream is today's fact.
And tomorrow? Here is an art
now in the early stages of its de-
velopment which is revolutioniz-
ing the field of motion picture
entertainment.**

Watch—and *listen*!

Western SOUND



Electric SYSTEM

THE SIMPLIFIED GRAFLEX



For real Childhood Pictures—there's no other camera like the Grafex.

You never know at what instant you'll have a chance at a picture that will be precious to you for life.

The one camera in which you can watch each moment's fleeting expression exactly as your negative will "see" it, is the Grafex.

And now there's a simplified Grafex, the camera that removes all guesswork in focusing—ready in an instant for the ordinary picture or for a thousandth of a second speed—priced within everybody's reach. $3\frac{1}{4}'' \times 4\frac{1}{4}''$ Grafex, \$80. . . . Other models \$85 to \$875.

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GRAFLEX
PERFECTLY SIMPLE SIMPLY PERFECT
FOLMER GRAFLEX CORP. ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

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Ah, These Americans!

At a table under the awning of the Cafe de la Paix Roger and Audrey were sampling some of the management's finest Cinzano. The golden, slanting rays of a summer afternoon sun picked out here a distinguished looking face and there a dignified bottle; the terrace was crowded.

"My dear," remarked Audrey, "there is Sir John Quelmaine and his wife. Do beckon to them."

The second couple caught Roger's eye, strolled to the table and seated themselves.

"Capital weather," commented Sir John, "today is Paris at its best. Is this not an interesting crowd that passes constantly—jolly assortment of characters."

"Very interesting, Sir John," replied Audrey, "but don't you find some of them rather tiresome. Paris is simply dripping with Americans—one can't get away from them."

"Oh, I daresay there are a few of them about," yawned Sir John, "I really can't pick them out."

"They pick themselves out," observed Roger. "Everywhere we find them—loud talk, bad clothes, atrocious table manners. Even in our country place in Devon they have penetrated in their damned search for things that are 'quaint' or 'so picturesque' or 'thoroughly English'—to say nothing of the crowds of them in London."

"I've met some that weren't at all a bad sort," interjected Lady Quelmaine.

"On the Channel steamers the railings are lined with American school teachers," continued Audrey, "taking pictures of the shore and the waves and the fishes and the boats. And the students, uhh, what people. One might come to Paris by air but there one meets the newly rich. They are the worst."

"Beer," said Sir John to the waiting garcon.

Roger lighted a cigarette: "While I was fishing in Scotland with Lord Lynnfield there were some rich Americans about—he had for some reason taken a fancy to them. They had made money in varnish or some such trade. I heard enough about Americans to last me till my dying day."

"Oh, one likes one's own place," said Sir John.

"Well, I wouldn't like their place and when it comes to having their drunken students and their old maid school teachers and fat business men, with their tortoise shell spectacles, and their clubs and excursions crowding everything from Loch Lomond to the Jungfrau and parading through museums, hotels, trains, it is simply ter-

(Continued on Page 4)



The radio sold by neighbors!

Any hour of any day in any community you may hear neighbors talking radio.

And frankly! They don't mince matters. Praise or blame comes from experience, from the heart.

Such conversations are directly responsible for Kolster Radio's success. Such conversations coined the expression, "Kolster is a fine set."

And that is as it should be. Be-

cause the makers of Kolster Radio recognized from the first that the set that was recommended by neighbors would be bought by neighbors . . . and so determined to build always in a way that would deserve every owner's recommendation.

Make a point of hearing your neighbor's Kolster. And then visit the nearest Kolster dealer. He will be glad to arrange a demon-

stration in your own home.

Saved at Sea! Thousands of lives have been saved at sea through the use of the Kolster Radio Compass. Dr. Frederick A. Kolster, its inventor, is also the designer of Kolster Radio receiving sets. What finer tribute could be given to Kolster dependability?

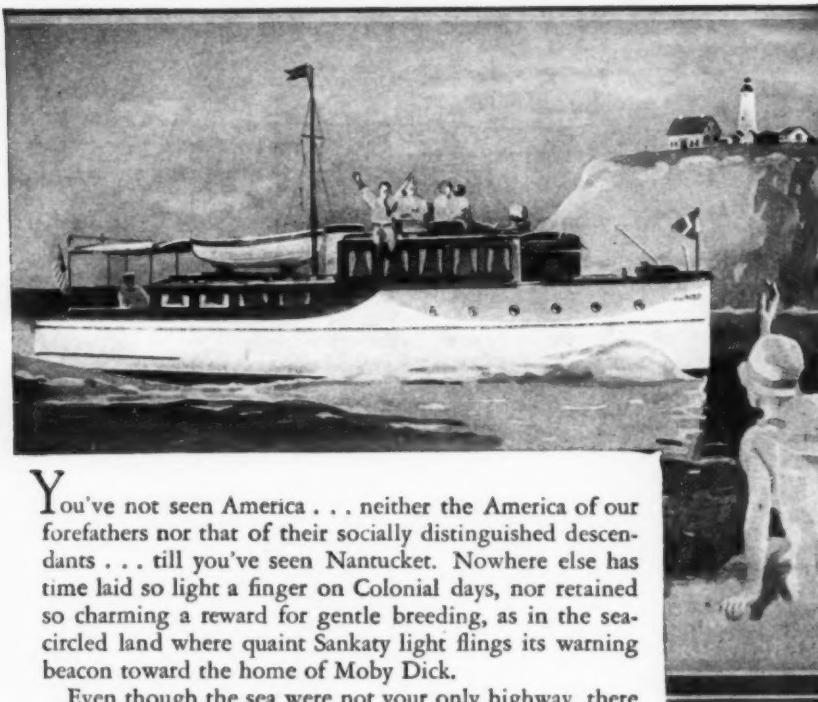
Enjoy the Kolster Program every Wednesday evening at 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over the nation-wide Columbia Chain.

K O L S T E R

R A D I O

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**QUAINT WHALING DAYS...SMART
MODERN WAYS...NANTUCKET IN
YOUR A.C.F.**



You've not seen America . . . neither the America of our forefathers nor that of their socially distinguished descendants . . . till you've seen Nantucket. Nowhere else has time laid so light a finger on Colonial days, nor retained so charming a reward for gentle breeding, as in the sea-circled land where quaint Sankaty light flings its warning beacon toward the home of Moby Dick.

Even though the sea were not your only highway, there could be no more delightful way to go than aboard the newly redesigned A. C. F. "47".

Here is a vessel which, in speed, staunchness, and cruising comfort deserves the name of "yacht".

Picture, in a 47-footer, a luxurious rear cockpit that seats eight; sleeping accommodations for five and crew; forward and after cabins and all-enclosed bridge-deck with admirable headroom; a lavatory accessible to both master cabins; a three-burner galley complete with sink, ice-box, and cupboard; capacious crew's quarters; even a high-powered, built-in radio . . . these details must be seen to be appreciated.

The smart, rakish funnel of the "47" allows you to recognize her from afar as readily as does the quality of its materials and fittings when aboard. Like all A. C. F. craft, she is completely equipped, ready to go—even to linen, silver and china. When shall it be?

Write today for booklet "D" containing complete information and illustrations. American Car and Foundry Company, A. C. F. Marine Salon, 217 West 57th Street, New York.

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Other show rooms at: Boston—Noyes Marine Sales Co., 1037 Commonwealth Ave. Detroit—A. C. F. Salon, 500 E. Jefferson Ave. Cleveland—N. J. Shea, 1424 Lauderdale Ave., Lakewood. San Francisco—S. C. Kyle, 427 Rialto Bldg. Chicago—Ward A. Robinson, 58 E. Washington St. Wilmington, Del.—American Car and Foundry Company.

a.c.f.
c r u i s e r s

Ah, These Americans!

(Continued from Page 2)

rific," declared Audrey. "Why, when we were coming up to town from our place in Devon—"

"Helloy, Audrey," came a voice from behind her chair.

She turned her head. A tall and somewhat good looking young man clad in American clothes and with a copy of the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune was gazing down at her with a grave expression.

"Bad fire in Chicago—the stock-yards—twelve men killed—most of the worst of it was down in your father's old outfit at K and 15th Streets. Gosh, he'll be terribly cut up. Sorry—hell of a way to introduce myself when we haven't seen each other for six years."

C. F. Haywood.

"Bon Voyage"

"Well, old man, bon voyage. Gosh, I certainly envy you taking a three-months' trip to Europe. Do you get seasick easily? . . . I was just asking because this boat looks pretty small. Well, the thing to do is drink salt water. Yes, I know. It will make you sick as a dog for the first four or five days, but the last day or so you'll feel fine. . . . Say you know I was thinking —this ship looks somewhat like the *Vestris*. She has a sl-i-i-ght list, don't you think so? Just ever so sl-i-i-ght? I think so.

"Now don't go worrying about business while you're over there, because it's foolish. And anyhow my theory is that the textile business is going to pot anyhow and you couldn't do a thing to prevent it if you *were* here. . . . I suppose you'll miss Barbara. . . . Yes, I thought you were pretty fond of her. Maybe just a wee bit in love? Well, I think she cares for *you* too—a little bit. But I guess she'll get along all right; I wouldn't worry. I heard her say she'd fixed up a couple of dates with that Gleason fellow. Oh, well, after all, if you lose her there are plenty of other fish in the sea.

"Say, by the way, this is the Green Anchor Line, isn't it? . . . What? Oh, nothing, only I talked with someone who'd been through the kitchens on some of their boats. . . . Well, to be frank, they *were* pretty dirty. Still, what you don't know won't hurt you. Sort of an ordinary looking crowd on this boat, isn't it? . . . I hope you got an outside room. . . . You didn't. Oh, well, you probably won't be able to sleep much anyhow. . . . They're shooting us off. Have a wonderful trip, old man. You lucky dog! As they say, 'Bon Voyage.' "

Parke Cummings.

The
JOHNSTON & MURPHY
Shoe for Men

To the increasing number of golfers who seek a new order of comfort and wear in a superlatively fine golfing shoe—Johnston & Murphy present their latest model.

Approved by notable players, this shoe offers the same high quality and skillful design so characteristic of J & M footwear for sports, dress and business.

THE *JM*
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SHOE

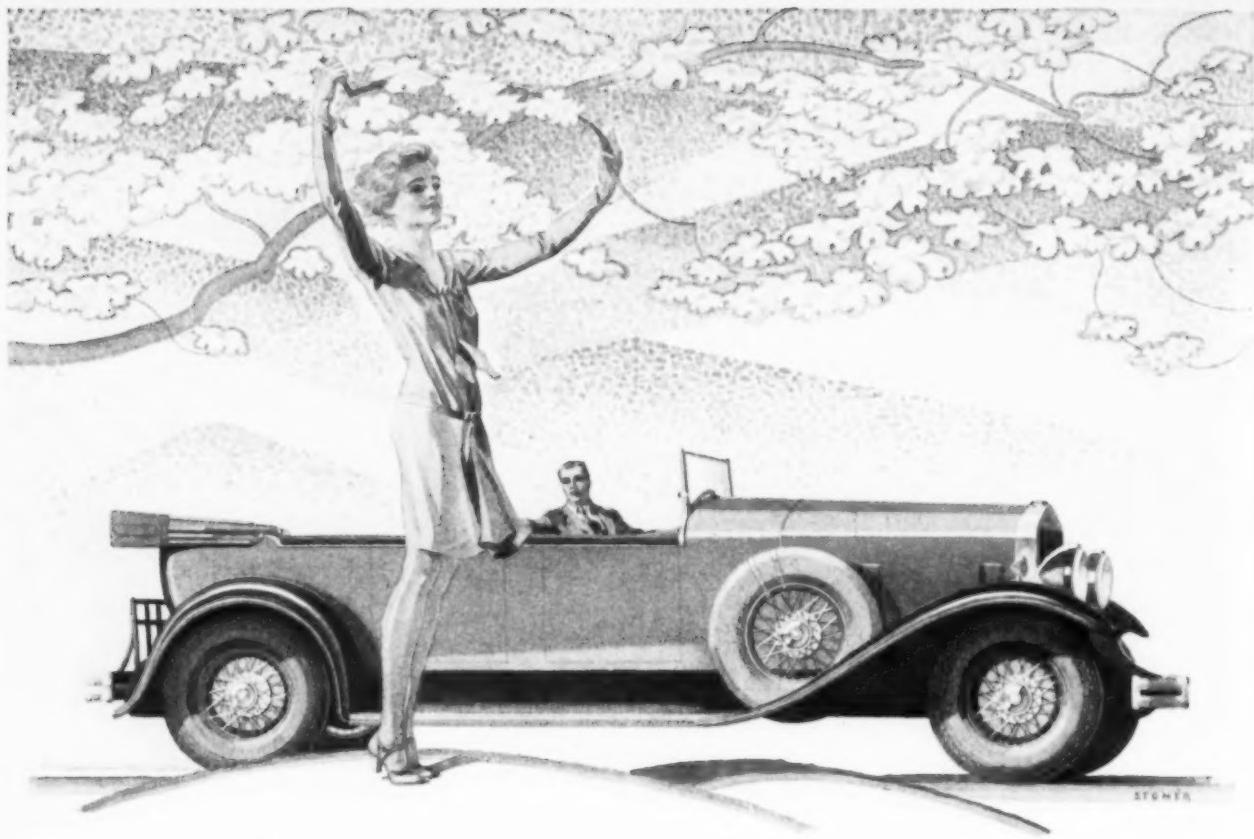
Newark, N. J.

Mayfair Golf Club
Cleveland, Ohio



The Golf Oxford, Style No. 309

Leather sole with metal golf studs distinguish this model
in boarded Russia Calf. Sold by a leading dealer near you.
Ask for style booklet.



Youth welcomes air-cooled motoring -and the AIRPLANE FEEL of the brilliant Franklin

Always the pioneer—the leader—Franklin, through air-cooling, again brings amazing and revolutionary performance to America. Youth—and all those who recognize progress—have enthusiastically accepted the new Franklin as the greatest motoring advance in years.

New motoring joys! Your first ride is a thrill. Here, in the new air-cooled Franklin, is a completely *different* and finer type of travel. Power—and to spare. Quick second gear getaway—quiet as high, even at 55 miles an hour. Effortless control—with soaring smoothness and cushion-like rid-

ing comfort. As you drive, you sense the *feel of driving an airplane*. You delight in having the car do things you never thought possible before. You marvel at its snap-quick acceleration—its supreme roadability—its eager speed.

Drive this new car! You cannot possibly appreciate the full meaning of *air-cooled motoring* until you do. *There is absolutely nothing like it!* The astonishing performance of the new Franklin, and the car itself, are in a class alone.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE CO., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

The One-Thirty \$2180 — The One-Thirty-Five \$2485 — The One-Thirty-Seven \$2775 — Sedan prices at factory

F R A N K L I N

Successful Beach-Combing

The beach-combers of popular fiction are shaggy, unkempt outcasts who have thick beards, are dressed in rags, and speak the native dialect. This dialect consists of but one word, "ompah," which can mean practically anything, depending on the mood you happen to be in. The beach-combers of fiction are almost always in a black mood; consequently when they say "ompah" it means climb a tree as quick as you can. They are rough characters and they stand for no nonsense. Once a year (on April Fool's Day) they do stand for a *little* nonsense, but even then it isn't very funny, as they have no sense of humor.

Real beach-combers, however, are quite unlike their fictional prototypes. For the most part, they are earnest, hard-working fellows anxious to keep their jobs and make good. They ply the fashionable beaches of Miami, Jacksonville, and similar winter resorts and comb the sands for diamond necklaces, strings of pearls, etc., which have been carelessly left on the beach by the spoiled darlings of the Four Hundred.

Let us pretend now that we are following one particular beach-comber through his daily motions. We start from the Royal Poinciana at dawn (remember, we're only pretending), and reach the waterfront after a short walk. At this hour the beach is, of course, deserted, save for a few cormorants who seem to be sleeping on one foot. They are probably faking, however. Meanwhile our beach-comber is looking around for his "claim."

And now the beach-comber begins to sift the sand through his trained fingers, bringing to light a curious store of treasure trove. Here is a box of gold-tipped cigarettes which Milady has allowed to drop from her handbag, and quite logically, too, for it is empty . . . Aha! a towel marked "Hotel Royal Poinciana." And a tennis sneaker. And three white mice. Hold on! What's this hump? The beach-comber digs into the sand and after a few moments' work lays bare an old gentleman with a newspaper folded over his face. He has been left here the previous day by some children who covered him up with sand.

So goes the beach-comber's life. Excitement, disappointment, surprise—who knows what the next pass of the hands will disclose? So the beach-comber gets right in there and digs, all the time crooning to himself a little melody:

"I'm combing,
I'm combing,
For my head is bending low. . ."
Norman R. Jaffray.



There's The Cheshire Cheese and a Cheshire Cheese

It's Socially Important To Know Both!

RIIGHT you are if you think Cheshire Cheese is among the best that England offers! But, if you've never been to *The Cheshire Cheese* then you've missed a wonderful adventure. Delay no longer. Call your steamship agent and book on the next sailing of a White Star, Red Star or Atlantic Transport liner. Q For, of all the delightful old inns in the world, this is one of the foremost. It stands as it always did in the heart of London, on Fleet Street. And it's just as it was when Oliver Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson frequented it for The Pudding and Scotch ale. Q The trip need not be expensive. We have accommodations for every purse and plan. Any one of these ships makes the ocean voyage itself well worth while. But, of course, besides *The Cheese* there's much in old London and gay Paris (you should go there) that one must know in this modern age.

De Luxe First Class

Majestic
World's Largest Ship
Olympic *Homeric*
Belgenland
Minnewaska
Minnetonka

From \$215, according to ship, port and accommodations.

Luxurious Cabin Class

Adriatic
World's largest Cabin liner
Baltic *Albertic* *Cedric*
Lapland
Pennland *Arabic*

From \$145, according to ship, port and accommodations.

Tourist Third Cabin

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Minnesota

Devoted exclusively to Tourist Third Cabin. No class distinctions. Rates \$107.50 (up) one way, \$193.50 (up) round trip.

Specially reserved Tourist Third Cabin accommodations on other steamers, one way \$102.50 (up)—round trip \$184.50 (up).

Also excellent Second Class from \$147.50.

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No. 1 Broadway, New York City; 180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 460 Market St., San Francisco; our offices elsewhere or any authorized steamship agent.

France



**Don't see Paris and
go home this year
... see France!**

What would you know of America...if you'd only seen New York?....By train...by auto-bus...this year, see France!...Take the *route des Vosges*, cool even in summer...forests, sky-high pastures, snowpeaks on the horizon....Or the *route de Jura*...gorges, cascades, tree-covered plateaus with vineyards smiling on the western slopes....Travel through Brittany...witness a *pardon*, understand the sea....Slip down the Loire Valley and recreate the splendor of Old France from those magnificent chateaux....Make the rounds of the smart "cure" in Auvergne and know the secret of the chic Parisienne's verve....Visit the Gorges du Tarn...grottoes and rivers underground, the thrilling passage on a rushing stream between colossal cannon walls....Cross the Alps, Napoleon-wise...passes, lost villages, stupendous glimpses valley-ward, lone churches, set so high their spires touch heaven....Take the Pyrenees in your stride...glaciers and peaks, aerial resorts of super-smartness all year 'round....Skirt the Mediterranean, flitting from one gay beach to the next along the Grande or the Petite Corniche...or on to Corsica in the blue Mediterranean.

Information and literature on request

RAILWAYS OF FRANCE

General Representatives

INTERNATIONAL WAGONS-LITS, 701 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, OR ANY TOURIST AGENCY

The Technique of the Sound Accompaniment

He meets her, and it is June;
Then somebody sings the theme song;
They both fall in love quite soon;
Then somebody sings the theme song;
But her old man (he is funny),
Thinks the youth just wants his money;
So the youth says: "Goodbye, Honey."
Then somebody sings the theme song.

But she follows him—like that;
Then somebody sings the theme song;
They live in a walkup flat;
While somebody sings the theme song;
They can't live on what he makes;
Soon her hubby she forsakes;
But, without him, her heart aches;
Then somebody sings the theme song.

Comes the War, both grim and gory;
War tunes mingle with the theme song;
He enlists to fight for glory;
Drum beats almost drown the theme song;
He comes home quite celebrated;
He is wined and dined and feted;
Through it all, why, she has waited;
As somebody sings the theme song.

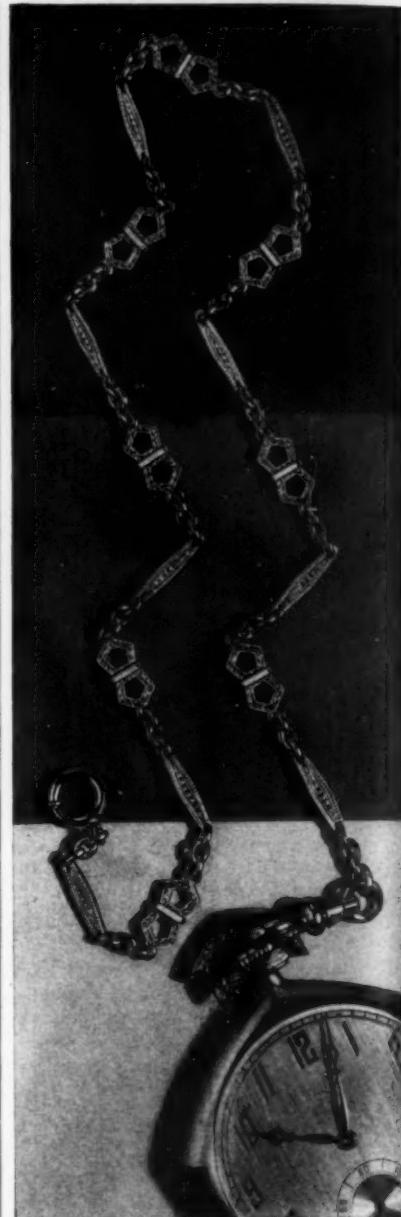
Her old man no longer hollers;
When somebody sings the theme song;
He gives both a million dollars;
Then somebody sings the theme song;
With her parent's change of heart,
They both have a brand new start.
As the movie fans depart
Everybody sings the theme song.

R. C. O'Brien.



Just an old fashioned necking party

*A good watch
deserves a good chain*



YOUR watch-chain just can't be at sixes and sevens with your watch and still do you justice. A good watch deserves a good chain . . . one as carefully, skillfully made as the watch itself! A Simmons Chain! The chain illustrated (a white gold-filled Waldemar, 30580, at \$11.25) has been designed especially for the Gruen Pentagon. The chain may be worn, of course, with any other fine watch—yours, for instance! It is typical of Simmons leadership in smart, modern designs. Your jeweler will show you many others. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

The oldest name in fine jewelry



It's a Simmons

Yeah, I Went to College

"What kinda job are yuh lookin' for, Mr. Yiffem?"

"Oh, anythin', bookkeepin', general clerical."

"How old are yuh?"

"Twenny-two."

"What ejicashun yuh had?"

"I been to high school n' collitch."

"Oh yeah? Well that helps. Yuh know we don't take on nobody but collitch trained men in this organization—in fact I'm a collitch boy myself."

"Yeah? Wherejago?"

"Noo Yawk, twenny-tree, downtown branch."

"Me too. Midtown. Beta Ro Lamda Kappa Tau Epsilon."

"Well, well, yuh don't tell me. But t' get back to what we was talkin' about, Mr. Yiffem, I'll tell yuh w'y we discriminate. Inna foist place yuh gotta discriminate."

"Yeah. Now-a-days you gotta do that."

"And inna second place this here wholesale gents' suits game is gettin' t'where it takes a collitch man t'get by. Yuh gotta rub shoulders wit a refined clien-teel, so our boys gotta have plenty polish. I mean they gotta be slick artickles."

"Yeah. Slick."

"What we want is live, snappy wide-awake fellers. All our boys is go-gitters. Yuh gotta woik snappy, and yuh gotta look snappy, see?"

"Sure."

"Yunnerstan' what I'm drivin' at?"

"Coitinely."

"Think yuh could fit in this live-wire outfit?"

"Yeah, bookkeepin', general clerical, anythin'."

"Awright, Mr. Yiffem, I'll tell yuh what I'm gonna do. I like yer looks an' I like yer approach, so I'm gonna let yuh fill out one of our applications. Our boys usually start in the mail department at fifteen a week plus the privilege of poichasin' our two-pants line at a thoid off. Just at present we ain't got no vacancies, Mr. Yiffem, but if anythin' toins up I'll get in touch wit yuh. Don't fergit t'fill in what religion yuh are, yer father's n'mother's ancestry and ten character references. Good-day, Mr. Yiffem."

—R. G. Moroney.

Waste

"Did you hear about the Scotch speakie star who died of worry?"

"No. Why?"

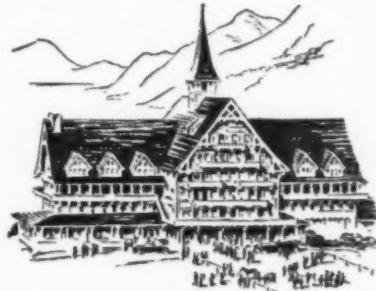
"He discovered that he talked in his sleep."

GLACIER PARK



A vacation bargain!

Yellowstone only \$4.75 extra—
Colorado without any extra fare



The Prince of Wales Hotel, just across the border in the Canadian Rockies

THINK of it! A trip to three great scenic wonderlands—for only slightly more than the cost of your Glacier Park ticket alone!

First, Glacier National Park. America's wildest mountain grandeur. Ride the switchback trails, climb the glaciers, travel in comfortable launches and de luxe motors—enjoy the solid comfort of great hotels, cozy chalets.

Then you can go on to Yellowstone—

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Send me your free illustrated book about Glacier National Park vacations.

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Mark an X here if you wish the book on Burlington Escorted Tours.



Stimulants, Sedatives or Food ~

*from a Health
Standpoint*



© 1929 M. L. I. CO.

THE desire for extreme slenderness is bringing serious consequences. When stimulants, sedatives or drugs are substituted for the food needed to build health and strength, the penalty is certain and severe—frequently broken health and sometimes death.

Half-truths are often more dangerous than falsehoods. While it is true that an excess of fat is undesirable and frequently dangerous in the later years of life, it is not true that young people—under thirty years of age—can ordinarily expect to have good health if they avoid wholesome body-building foods and persist in a rigid “reducing” diet. There are certainly more cases of tuberculosis among young “underweights” than there are among those of normal weight.

During childhood and the early adult years, Nature demands a bodily reserve upon which she can draw in time of need to fight disease. In youth a few pounds of excess weight are a valuable protection against physical breakdown. The sacrifice of this needed tissue may result in permanent injury, although the accounting may not come until years later.

Despite the claims of faddists and selfish inter-

ests, there is no mystery today in what constitutes an intelligent diet. The doctor who would not hesitate to prescribe a stimulant or a sedative in case of emergency, would forbid their use in place of needed foods.

A famous health expert was asked bluntly, “Do you think stimulants are harmful to everybody, no matter in what degree the stimulants are used?” He said, “Not always, but everyone should try to put himself in such fit physical condition that he will not need or desire artificial stimulation. The hunger for stimulants is an indication of weakness and evidence of improper diet or other incorrect living habits.”

Certain practices trick the appetite and dull the desire for nourishing food. When the demands of a normal appetite are too frequently denied, the appetite may be lost and food be made repugnant.

Perhaps it is too late to talk to older people stubbornly set in wrong habits, but if the fathers and mothers of tomorrow will eat properly, exercise properly, work properly, sleep, breathe, stand, walk—yes—and think properly, they and their children will have better health and longer lives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has the privilege of consulting famous specialists on important questions of health. While the Metropolitan wishes to point out most emphatically the danger of too strenuous dieting at the earlier ages, it also wishes to stress, no less emphatically, the danger of overweight at the older ages.



Our booklet, “Overweight”, tells the best methods to control these evils. It also tells what you should weigh considering your age and height. Ask for Booklet 59-F which will be mailed free. Address Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, N. Y.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK
Bigest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



Life



Cecilee

8

VOLUME 93

April 5, 1929

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LANGHORNE GIBSON, Vice-President

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, Chairman of the Board

NORMAN ANTHONY, Editor
HENRY A. RICHTER, Secretary-Treasurer



"Look, Bill, a Frenchman!"



INVETERATE MOTORIST: It's nice isn't it? But I sure do miss the hot-dog stands!



*PHOTOGRAPHER: W-h-hat did you s-s-say?
HUNTER: I s-s-said we w-w-won't bother with this one.*

TOURIST, IN ITALY (to guide)—"Do I want to see the sights? Of course I do. Which way is Mussolini?"

The Dawes Plan did not provide for the payment of an indemnity by America to France, but France is collecting it piecemeal, as every American taking his meals in France knows.

CARTOONIST'S SONG: "Oh, How I Miss You, Dear Old Cal. of Mine."

"Been away, eh. Hawaii?"
"Fine, thanks."

Stay at Home

My spirits sure would soar
Were I aboard a ship,
But landsman stay I, for
I hate to pack a grip.

To captivating Spain
I joyfully would skip
If I could stand the strain
Of packing trunk or grip.

My friends, where skies are blue,
Escape the North Wind's nip,
While I contract the flu—
I hate to pack a grip.

But when I'm rich I'll take
A valet on each trip;
I'll pay him well and make
The fellow pack my grip!

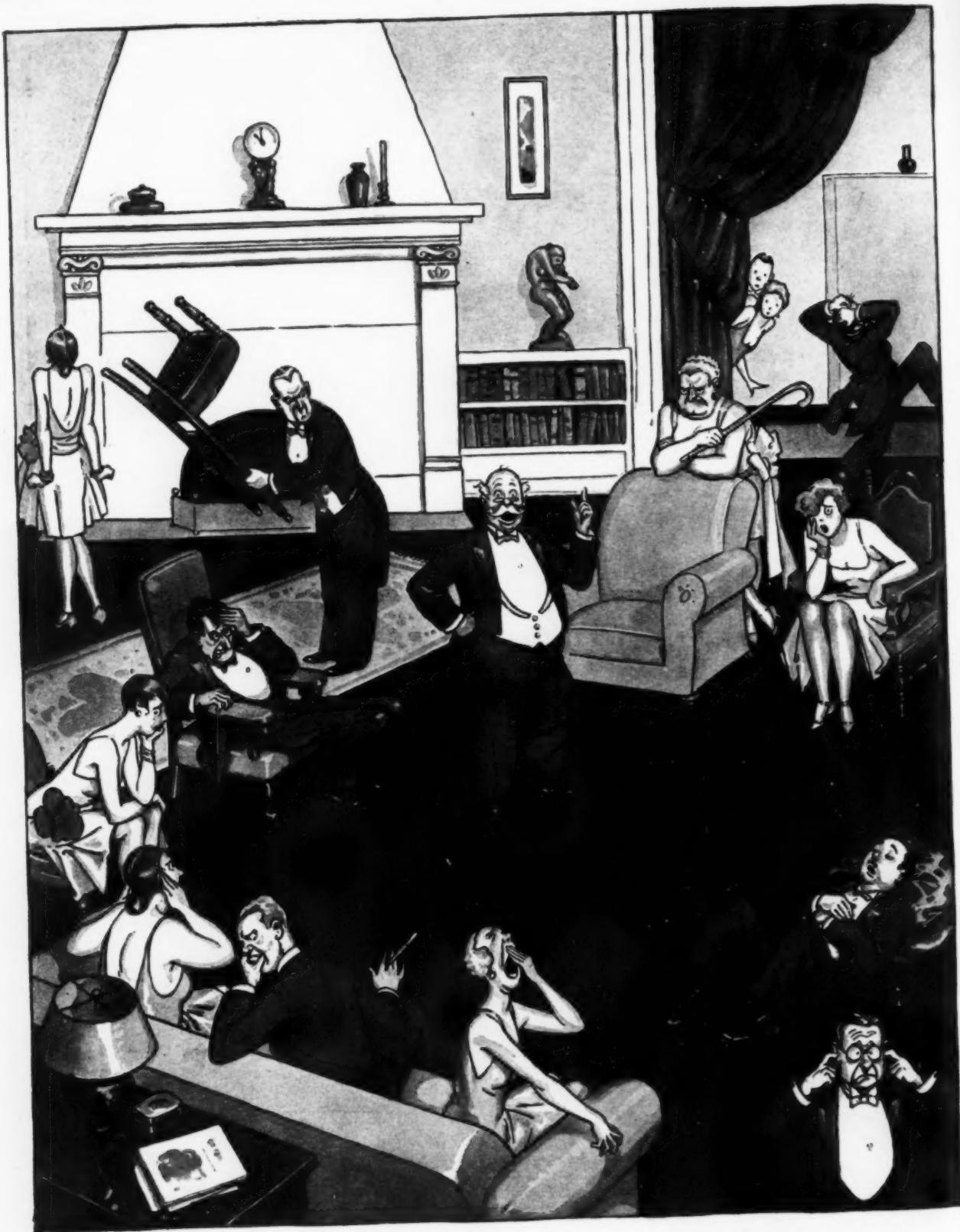
A. L. L.



Putting out the cat in Uganda.



GLADYS: You do pick up so many valuable ideas on a world tour—why, I got the idea for this evening dress from the Queen of Madagascar!



Travelogue.



Short Stories of Life

SHIP AHOOEY!

A Row-mance of the Sea

By Marian Deitrick

Characters:

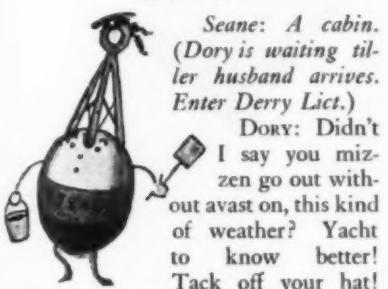
DERRY LICT, a man-overboard with life.

DORY, his wife.

A TRAMP.

A LITTLE BUOY.

Act One



Seane: A cabin.
(Dory is waiting till her husband arrives.
Enter Derry Lict.)

DORY: Didn't I say you mizzen go out without avast on, this kind of weather? Yacht to know better! Tack off your hat!

DERRY LICT: I tug it off!
DORY: Launch is ready! You navigate home on time!

DERRY LICT (muttering): If only we had been married in the companion-way!

DORY: Why such a stern and anchor-y scow-l?

DERRY LICT (with sudden determination): I aft to go aweigh!

DORY: What fore?

DERRY LICT: It's best for boat of us.
DORY: You don't luff me any more!

DERRY LICT: Off course I do! I worship you! (Aside) That's my stowaway and I'll stick to it!

DORY (weeping): I would go home to motor-boat she's dead!

DERRY LICT (resignedly): Well, I guess I will hove-to stay after all. But first and foremost, brig on the food!

DORY (sinking happily): Dhow-dow-dow!

(They sit down to table).

DORY (tenderly)
Compass the soup—I can't reach it, canoe?

DERRY LICT (indulgently): Here, you can have a hull dishful!

DORY: I was a freighter let you go—(drinks soup)

DERRY LICT (disapprovingly): Will you please knot—

DORY: I knew you would schooner or later frigate me—(drinks again.)

DERRY LICT (bitterly, rising from chair): This, then, is the aftermath of passion!

DORY (coolly): Mast you go?

DERRY LICT: Yaw!

DORY: When you are gunwale you drop-a-line sometimes?
(Exit DERRY LICT.)

Act Two

Seane: A dinghy saloon in the "Port of Missing Men," twenty years later.
(DERRY LICT is seated with a young Tramp, drinking a galleon of wine, and idly shuffling a bridge deck. He is wearing cast-off clothing—a terrible old code (it was bad enough, and then he tattered), and his breeches-buoy, you should see them! He has not had abaft for six months. . . . Two native dancing girls are eyeing the pair craftily.)

DERRY LICT: Ocean these forward winches, my lad!

YOUNG TRAMP (reading newspaper): I seaworthy just had an election back home.

DERRY LICT: Ah, you may seafarer women than your wife, my lad, but wharf you do? wharf you do?

YOUNG TRAMP: I wouldn't mind

walking down the Main Stem right now—just Marine me!

DERRY LICT (shedding a privateer): Ah, poor Dory! Ah, fo'c'sle think I have deserted her! (Becoming poetical in his g-reef.) My doubts are oar! I shell go back to her once more! We'll have a maritime as of yore!

Act Three

Seane: Yard of cabin, same as first. (Enter DERRY LICT.)

DERRY LICT: Fifteen billow, but thank God, a windlass night! List! Can that be the old rooster that cruise from the barn? Ark—what is that noise sounding at my heels?

A Dog: Barque! Barque!

DERRY LICT: Why, here's a little buoy! Collier dog off, sonny! (Beams on child.) You seam to be a ferry nice little buoy! Tell me, whose little buoy are you?

(Child indicates window of cabin.)

DERRY LICT: It's rude to punt.
(Hears voice in cabin.)

VOICE: Scuppers ready!

DERRY LICT (pier-ing through window): Who's this I sea-going to my chair? I can hard-a-lee believe my eyes! Be calm, my heart. Has the wife o' my bos'n taken a lubber?

LITTLE BUOY: That's her second mate. He was her star-board-er.

DERRY LICT: Then she masthead news I was dead! Hah, I will keel the big boom! I will smash his scull!
—(Pauses as voice is heard again.)

VOICE: You never put-out-to-sea if you can please me! You're always railing at me! You are a fuel! Why don't you put on avast for dinner? Give me the soup! . . . (drinks noisily—Sloop, sloop.)

DERRY LICT (singing softly as he sneaks away down road) THE GAL-LEY LEFT BE-HIND ME.



"It Was a Wonderful Trip"

"Hello, there, Bings! Didn't know you'd returned from Europe. How did you enjoy it?"

"Simply marvelous. We enjoyed every—"

"You certainly missed some gorgeous weather. Every day was perfect; not a bit of rain. How did you enjoy the food on the boats?"

"Excellent. The meals they serve on—"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that we've got a new cook. You wouldn't believe me if I told you how good she is. Yum! Tell me, how was the booze abroad?"

"Say, I sure felt sorry for you poor—"

"That's a good one on you. We've got a new bootlegger who gets the stuff right off the boat. Boy, but it's the berries. And the beauty of it is that the price has come down. Oh, by the way, what do you think of the girls in Europe?"

"I saw some stunning girls in every—"

"That reminds me; the lodge put on a stag party while you were gone and it

was a lallapalooza. You'd have given your right eye to have been there. If our wives ever heard about it there'd be the devil to pay. How are the radio programs over there?"

"Well, I heard some—"

"I've got a new set I want you to hear. Come over at midnight tonight. I'll get you some DX that'll give you a kick. I'm still nuts about distance. Well, I've got to be going. Glad you had such a wonderful trip. S'long."

Be Nonchalant...Light a Murad

"My Gosh! I've put out to sea without my breeches-buoy!" exclaimed the captain to his son.

A motor mechanic never fails to hear opportunity knocking.



"Golly! They even had rumble seats then!"



"Sunset Limited."

The Hindrance

"Yoh ain't in love, is yoh, Andy?"
 "Yes, Ah is in love all right—but
 she can't get no job."

DEFINITION OF PARKING SPACE: An unfillable opening in an unending line of automobiles near an unapproachable fire plug.

Remember when this used to be a dirty crack? "With a voice like yours, you ought to be in the movies!"?

Then there was the Chinaman who started a humorous magazine and set all of the tongs wagging.



GUIDE (at Versailles): *And this is the famous Hall of Mirrors, where President Wilson and the other statesmen signed the treaty of peace.*

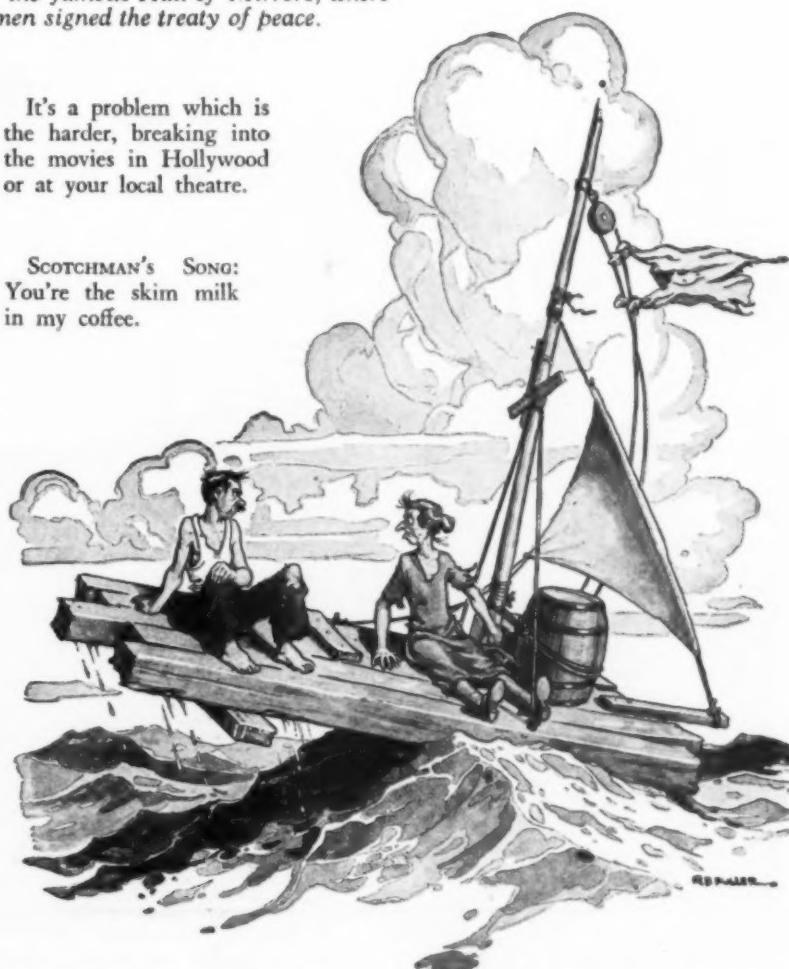
Effect of a Hasty Tour Abroad

"Yessir, the Champs-Lizzie is one of the grandest sights in London, I don't see where they get all those pictures, and the *statuary* . . . You ought to see the Leaning Tower of Eiffel; Napoleon built that to the memory of his first wife, Madame Taj-Mahal. . . . Well now I forget which hotel we stopped at in Paris—it was either the Tweeleree or the Gare Jew Naw—. . . Sure we saw Lock Lomond—the first lock in the Suez Canal. . . . We met Kemal Pasha too—they call him The Lion of Lucerne because he used to be Viceroy over Switzerland for the League of Nations. . . . No, we missed the Albert Memorial, we didn't stay long in Belgium but we had an audience with Mussolini, just as a private citizen, though, the Passion Play wasn't going on while we were there, but he certainly must make a wonderful Judas—just built for the part. . . . Then we went to Edinburgh and kissed the Blarney Stone and watched the Scotchmen throwing pennies for the little native boys to dive for. . . . Then we saw India—the Sphinx and the Pyrenees, of course, but to me the most inspiring sight of the trip was the French Cocottes; boy, *there's* the finest body of troops in Europe!"

Heman Fay, Jr.

It's a problem which is the harder, breaking into the movies in Hollywood or at your local theatre.

SCOTCHMAN'S SONG:
 You're the skim milk in my coffee.



"I was just thinking, Miss Prune, what infernal liars these novelists are!"



FIRST EXPATRIATE AMERICAN: *Garcon, what was that piece the orchestra just played?*
"That, M'sieu, was 'The Star Spangled Banner!'"

Life Abroad

LONDON—Bridge is no longer bouillon among English society women. Poker is the popular game, and pots of £250 are no novelty.

SHEFFIELD, England—A larger congregation is claimed by the Rev. W. A. Massey, of Brunswick Chapel, as a result of his using words of jazz songs as texts for sermons.

We'll bet he hasn't used "I Faw Down and Go Boom"!

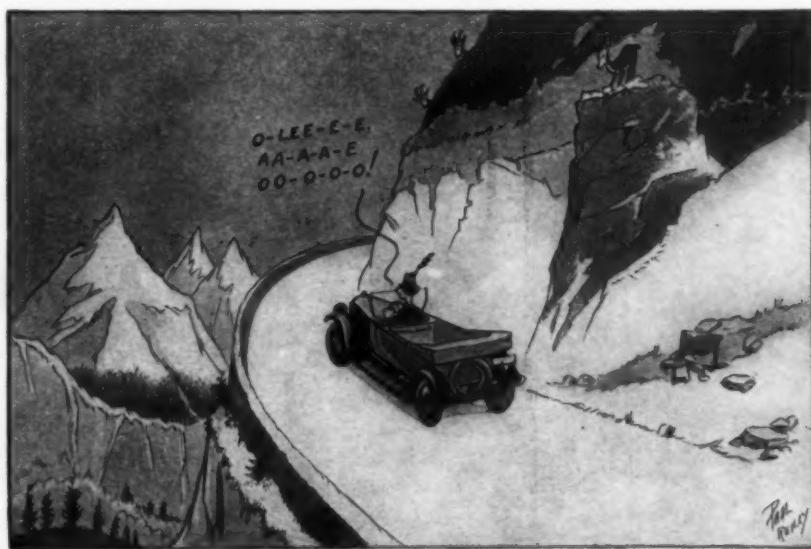
PARIS—Infuriated by the music of a jazz band, an African chimpanzee broke its chain and attacked the musicians in a cafe. Waiters armed with siphons subdued it.

COPENHAGEN—The Danish dry organizations declare they intend forming an anti-saloon league based on the same principles and with the same methods as the American league.

"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark."

JERUSALEM—A paved highway will be laid along the approximate route taken by the Israelites in the Exodus. *Efficiency—a 40 years' journey in 40 minutes!*

CANNES, France—Sir John Lavery, the artist, tells of a recent visit to Spain, where he entered a restaurant to order mushrooms and a glass of milk. Not speaking Spanish, he sketched a mushroom and a cow for the waiter, who returned promptly with an umbrella and a ticket for a bull fight!



Why they sell comparatively few automobile horns in Switzerland.

OTTAWA, Canada—The Canadians are the most loquacious people in the world. Statistics for 1928 show 221 phone conversations per capita, compared to 205 in the United States.

PARIS—France produced one and a half billion gallons of wine in 1928. In addition, she imported a half billion gallons from Algeria. *Come on, you American tourists!*

LONDON—Cambridge is offering a new universal language, Panoptic English. The vocabulary has only 500 words. *Lawyers are fighting it!*

CANNES, France—King Christian of Denmark bet "the limit" and lost it at every race he played during the season here. Friends were sympathizing until his majesty explained that his "limit" was \$4.

BAVARIA—A bob-hating village council decreed that women who visited the barber should pay a tax of \$12. The women went on a cooking strike. The tax was called off!

KARLSBAD, Czechoslovakia—Four girls were beaten by members of a church congregation at the village of Buchau because the village preacher said a spirit appeared to him and told him the recent severe cold wave was caused by the wearing of short skirts.

They should see our gals in July.

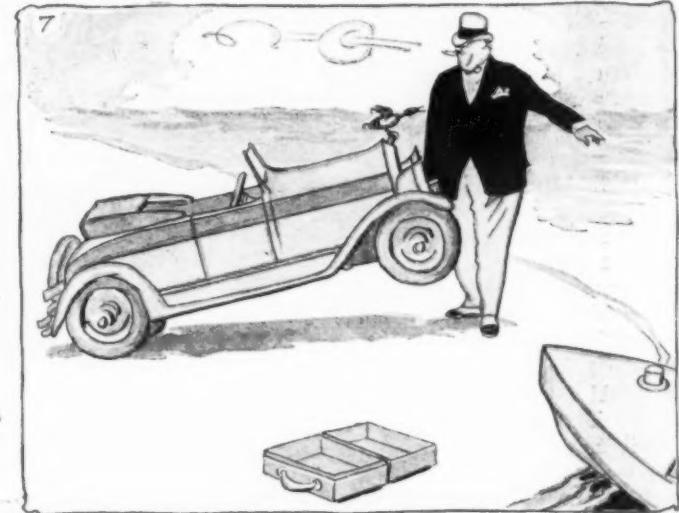
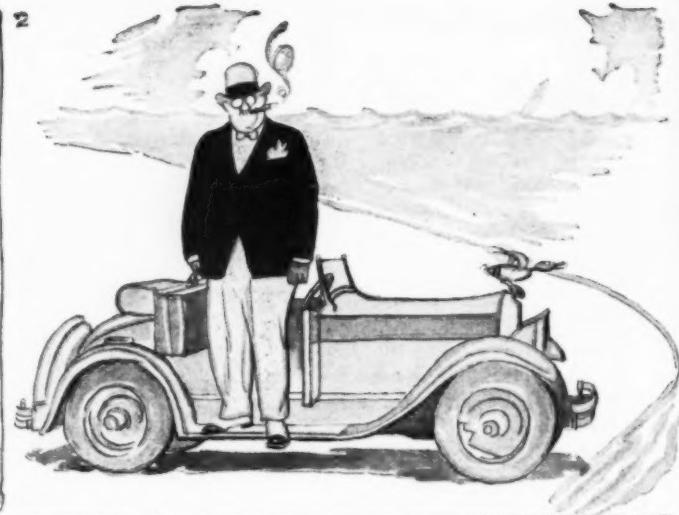
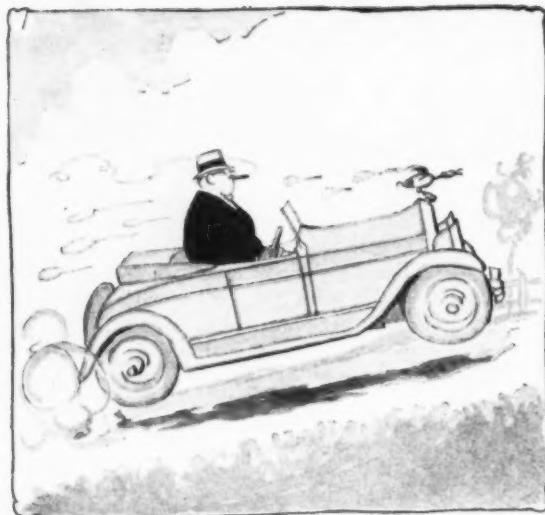
BUDAPEST, Hungary—Anton Kozarek, the new state executioner, is one of the best-dressed men in Budapest and most meticulous about his clothes on and off the scaffold. He wears a high silk hat, white spats and a frock coat. Kozarek is the son of a former hangman.

LONDON—Funerals for which they are paid on the instalment plan are now being conducted by many undertakers.

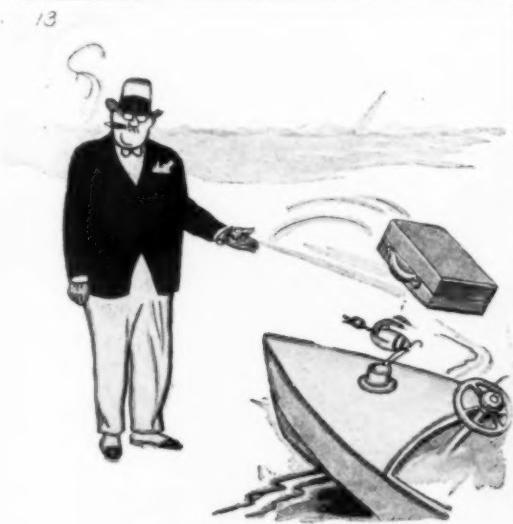
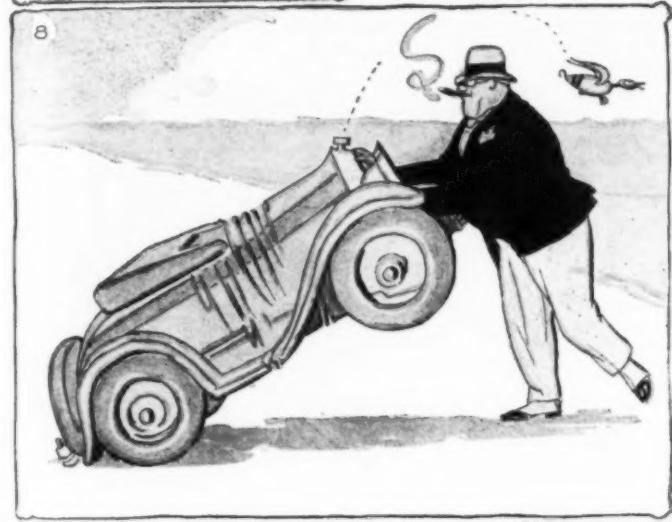
RIO DE JANEIRO—Every grain of Brazilian coffee will hereafter be stamped with a trademark. *Now, come on, you salt manufacturers!*

MOSCOW—A play by Savine was censored by the Soviets because the word "devil" appeared 22 times. Performance was not permitted until "devil" was cut to six times.

PARIS—A poet who "soon expects to become famous" advertises for a wife with sufficient income to keep him at his writing. "A foreigner will do," he adds.



This



Collapsible Age

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

MARCH 10—Awake betimes at the Healy's in Southern Pines, thanking God they did stay us last night from proceeding to Raleigh, and off early to the village to buy the postcards with which I do love to afflict my friends on my travels, albeit I have discovered that I must buy them all alike, or my struggle is too tense deciding which to send to whom. Then back to browse in Gus' library, marking that he is the only man I know who has a passion both for horses and for first editions, and, albeit I have vowed never to go through another stable, even though I be visiting royalty, I did sit rapt over the Hardys, with their attached letters from the author, Jeannette confiding the while that a new dining-room table meant more in her life than an original of "Jude, the Obscure". Then northward through the pleasant afternoon, thinking how Ludwig of Bavaria would have enjoyed motoring in the South over such perfect roads with nobody else, apparently, on them, and pointing out to Sam how in no country but America could the wayfarer encounter such adjacent signs as "Prepare to meet thy God" and "Chicken Dinner-Candy, 5¢". Whereupon Sam did announce his intention of founding a secret society pledged to buy nothing advertised on the roadside, thereby eventually restoring our landscapes to their original beauty. In Raleigh by nightfall, stopping at an inn called The Sir Walter, albeit there were no cloaks spread over the mud.

(Continued on Page 38)



Some types of European bandits.



DELIRIOUS HONEYMOONER: That reminds me, Myrtle—
this is Niagara Falls!

Fun among the famous—indorse sports.

To a Possible Soul Mate

I long to know your views on life,—
On Freud, on Bergson, on Voltaire;
I want to ask you questions but—
I do not dare.

Do you prefer a clangling street
Or windy quiet on a hill?
I yearn to hear your answer but—
I must be still!

Your preference in kinds of pie
Cannot be voiced for my instruction;
Because, alas, we've never had
An introduction!

Eileen O'Hara.

Beggars can't be cigarette choosers.



"I'm gettin' a raw deal, Giuseppi—to-morrow I work that side."

Getting Established

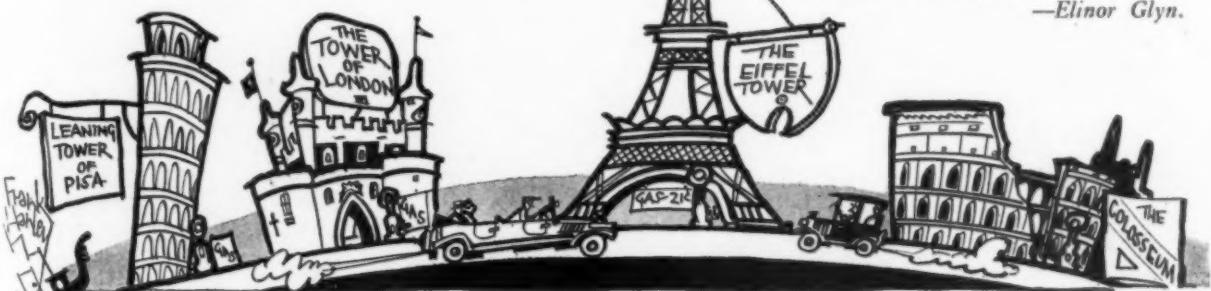
"I'd like to marry your daughter, sir."

"But my daughter's only five years old!"

"That's all right, sir. Give me a job and I'll wait for her to grow up."

How to Start a Restaurant

Get a coffee pot.
A few tables.
Two Greeks.
Let nature take its course.



Gas stations to keep tourists at home.

Little Rambles with Serious Thinkers

If travellers come and a rug comes, if a rug comes and travellers have come everything has come and travellers have come.

—*Gertrude Stein.*

The basic principle underlying the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States is not Puritanism, or compulsion, as is mistakenly declared. It is the principle of Brotherly Love applied to this age old problem.

—*Bishop James Cannon Jr.*

It always rains in Greenwich Village.

—*St. John Ervine.*

With a few exceptions I think that a woman of sixty is just a shade silly in making love.

—*Heywood Broun.*

It is not the happily married man who wants to swap old wives for new.

—*Dorothy Dix.*

A man should never write a novel until he is forty.

—*Ford Madox Ford.*

All one needs in order to write successfully is the inherent ability to write and the desire to do so.

—*Jay E. House.*

I have always thought that a course in architecture would be beneficial to those who aspire to novel writing.

—*Gertrude Atherton.*

Folk who have missed all targets didn't stick to any.

—*Herbert Kaufman.*

If only human beings' sense of duty was as strong as the bird's, what ideal homes we should see.

—*Elinor Glyn.*



GERTIE: *Humph! Always she manages to get a feller wo's got money.*



CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—The Harvard brain team has clinched the pennant. Universities in Europe and the United States have been invited to run a cerebral race against the crimson. No one has accepted. Trustees of the Putnam fund, donated to finance the brain games, would not comment on the report that Harvard's rough-shod victory over Yale in English literature last year had frightened all opponents.

Don't cheer, men, the poor devils are thinking.

WABASH, Ind.—Mrs. Joan Mador has filed suit for \$1,000 damages against Oscar Crabill, aviator, and Arthur Coblenz, his passenger, charging both men "paid an unexpected and uninvited visit" to her home when their plane crashed through the roof.

That'll teach 'em.

HOLLYWOOD—Although Will Mahoney, vaudeville actor, was slashed with a bread knife at a Hollywood all night party, the police today had decided to do nothing about it.

Investigators reported the knifing "just another family affair."

NEW YORK—Revenue men made a surprise search of the passengers of the "Shawnee", coming from Havana and Miami. Number of passengers searched, 400. Number of bottles of liquor found, 400.

COLUMBUS, O.—An analysis of 500 conversations was made here by a psychologist. The subjects discussed were:

AMONG MEN AMONG WOMEN	Business, 40%	Men, 22%
Amusements, 15%	Clothes, 19%	Other women, 15%
Other men, 12%		

WASHINGTON—In greeting callers, President Hoover uses the phrase, "I am pleased to meet you." "I am glad to see you," is another, while a third is "It is nice of you to come to see me."

How interesting.

ASBURY PARK—Bishop Richardson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says there is no liquor question. "It has already been settled", and "America is much happier because of improved conditions brought about by Prohibition." *So let's hear no more about it.*

LOS ANGELES—Leonard Stevens, who wrote the song hit, "I Faw Down and Go Boom," was injured and his automobile damaged when struck by a hit and run driver.

Well, well.

SHARON SPRINGS, Kan.—Ed Morin was about to sell his chickens, as he figured they did not pay. Then they dug up \$2710 in his back yard. He is keeping them.



FAMOUS FAILURES
The man who opened a shooting gallery in Chicago.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass.—Mrs. Coolidge has confessed that the "buckwheat cakes and sausage" breakfast was not a favorite one with the presidential family. They only served it when company was present, to give that good old New England atmosphere.

DOVER, Del.—The House has passed a bill making a jail sentence and a fine mandatory for anyone found with liquor any place other than at home.

But a man with liquor can feel at home anywhere.

BALTIMORE—Wild rabbits in Baltimore county are growing fat as a result of heavy consumption of mash discarded from stills by moonshiners.

Hunters report some of the alcoholic rabbits refuse to speed up even when shots are fired to frighten them.

Birds, too, show effects of the easy life. They seem to be getting short of wind and fly only far enough to get out of reach of autos and pedestrians.

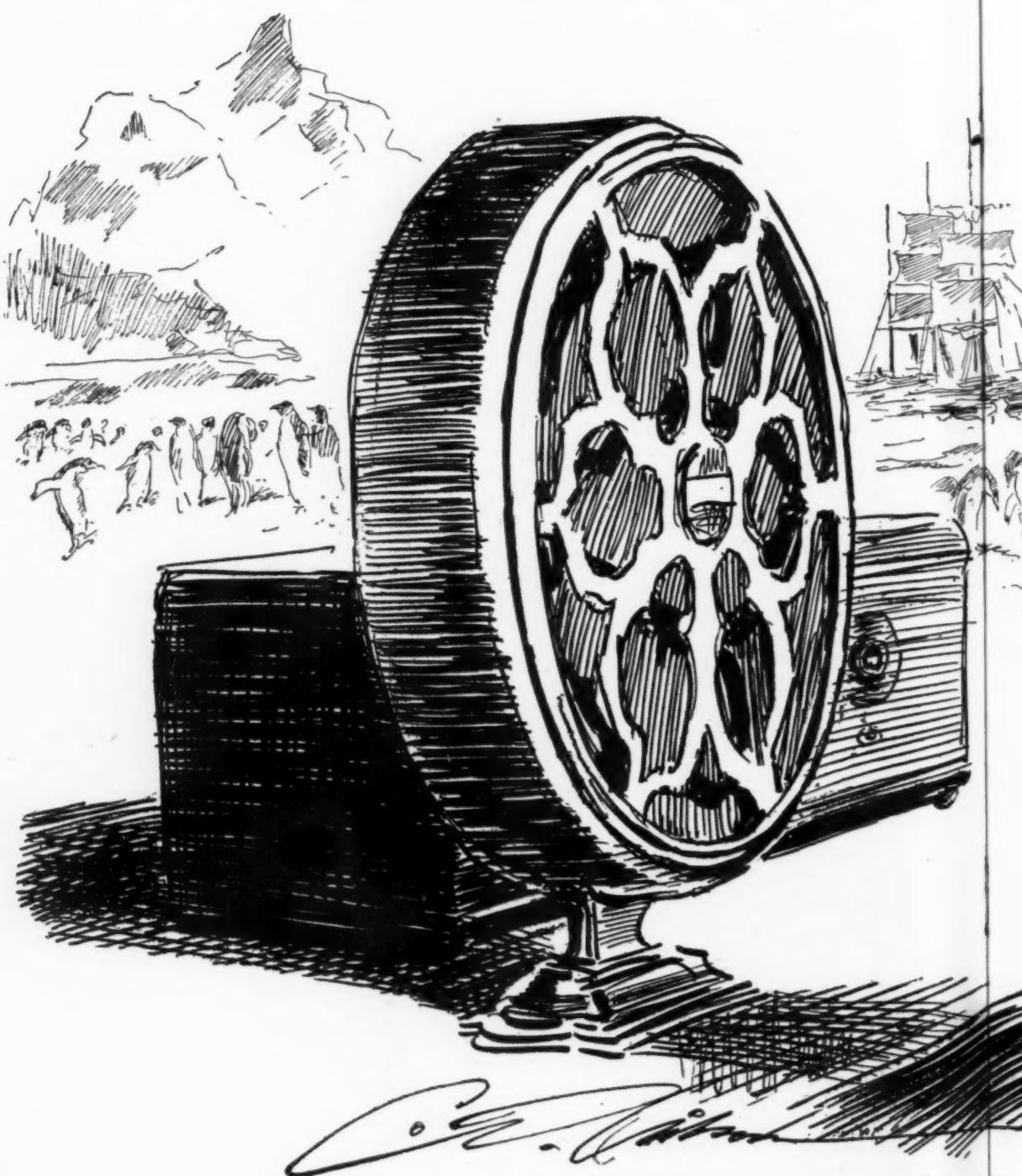
LEXINGTON, Ky.—A woman charged with stealing a frock is said to have eaten the evidence, beads, trimmings and all, when arrested.

Must have been a dinner dress.

DUQUOIN, Mo.—Rollo A. Clark, professional glass eater, gave seventeen public exhibitions in two days. At each performance he ate a No. 2 lamp chimney and a razor blade.

WASHINGTON—A \$50,000 poster campaign to tell in graphic manner the evils of drinking prohibition liquor will soon be inaugurated by the Prohibition Bureau. One of the aims of the campaign is to make the population "dry-minded."

Life



Mr. Pip

No. 9

He joins Byrd in the

ife



Mr. Pipp

No. 9

ord in the antarctic.

New York Life



World Tour

THE Theme song for this week's lecture with slides by Russell Ziegfeld Patterson, will be "World Weary" . . . why travel? . . . why go to all the bother and expense of getting new clothes and tickets, posing for a passport photo that will look like Gyp, the Blood, losing your savings in



ship pools and bridge games, meeting a lot of Cook's Tourists, getting seasick, going through all the agony of the Customs, when you can go all around the world without leaving the city? . . . right here in little old New York you can find sections of nearly every European country, including Scandinavia and the Far East . . . you can get the same smells of foreign lands, the same sights, the same liquors, and the same gyping . . . and when you have finished you're only a few blocks from home! . . . All aboard! . . . All ashore that's goin' ashore!

France!

Seat yourself at the Brevoort, gaze out at the Washington Square Arch, look around you at all the Americans

and there you are right in *Gay Paree*! . . . wrap yourself around a *Pate de Fois Gras* . . . walk around the corner to the *Lafayette* and try a *Tortue verte Clair* (green turtle soup) . . . grab an old and rusty looking taxi, run up to *Pierre's* and order *Salmis de Faisans* (pheasant) or a *Vegetable pot-pourri*, cooked in sausage broth . . . top it off with *Crepe Suzettes* at the *Parisien* . . . go up to the *Richman Club* and listen to *Bordoni*.

up to *Central Park* . . . hire a row-boat and pretend that you're in a *gondola*!

Germany!

Luchous . . . *Fourteenth Street* . . . *Sauerbraten mit Kartoffelkiossen* (How do you like them apples!) which is sour pot roast with potato dumplings . . . or *Pig's Knuckles with Sauerkraut and Mashed Potatoes* and then top it off with *Apple Strudle and Cheese Cake* . . . on to *Hoboken*! . . . what more do you want?

Russia!

Vodkal . . . *Vodka wel* . . . take a taxi down to *Fourteenth Street* again, hollering HEY! every few minutes . . . step into the *Russian Ketchma* and take a chance on *Forschmack Dragomiroff* (Chopped ham and mushrooms on toast with cream sauce) . . . if you feel real reckless let out another loud HEY! and order *Shashlick Cau-casky* (Leg of Lamb, spiced, pickled and broiled on spit) or *Russian Sirniki* (Fried pot cheese balls with sour cream) . . . try the *Balalaikas* at the *Kavkas* or the *Borscht* at the *Yar*.



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The Far East!

Skiaki (Oh, yeah?) cooked in *Ha-batchi* on a *Charcoal stove* at the *Mi-yako* . . . *The Bamboo Forest* on *Macdougall street* where only chopsticks are served and the tea is brought in a large wicker basket with a pillow on top . . . try the *Bean curd and Shrimps* . . . the *Ceylon India Inn* where you get *Singhalese pepper steak with mushrooms*.

Africa!

Darkest Africa! . . . the *Harlem Jungles* . . . the *Baked sweet potato pie* at the *Sugar Cane* . . . the *Pone bread* at *Small's* . . . the *Blackberries* at the *Nest*.

Hungary!

For a flying trip to *Hungary* try *Zimmerman's* on 48th street . . . *Esterhazy Braten* (Pot Roast) or the famous *Stuffed Red Cabbage*.

Brazil!

If you want to be all hot and bothered slip into the *Brazilian Coffee House* and take a chance on *Calamares en su tinta con arroz*



which, in case you don't know it is devilfish saute . . . or the *Eggs Malaguena* (Baked en casserole with shrimps, peas, chopped ham and creole sauce).

Roumania!

I *Roumania's* truly . . . well, all right . . . try the *Roumanian Casino* down on *Broome street* for the *Goulash* with *mamaliga* or *Rosale* (Not Rosalie!) with *le mishka* . . . and how are you, *Queen Mari!*

Mexico!

Why go to *Mexico* and take a chance on getting shot when you can walk around the corner to *Fornos* or the *Chili Villa* for *Chili con carne* and other unpronounceable dishes?

England!

Wait for a nice foggy day, take a hansom down to the *White Horse Inn* and try the *Roast Beef with Yorkshire pudding*.

Home!

Are you fed up? . . . all right, here we are back home again . . . how about a stack of wheatcakes at *Child's* and some real American coffee! . . . Gad! Isn't it good to be home again!

100 Years Ago

James Bleeker has sold his two houses at No's 107 and 109 *Bleeker St.* netting fancy prices for so far up-town . . . *James A. Hamilton* of New York has been named aide de camp to Gov. *Martin Van Buren* . . . *Mme. Vestris* is holding a benefit at the *Bowery theatre* where "*The Tragedy of 30 Years or The Gambler's Fate*" is playing. . . .

Manna-About-Town

The *Fish chips* at *Barney's* . . . why doesn't *Beatrice Lillie* get some new songs at the *Lido*? . . . *George Olsen's* wise-crack—"He's the kind of a bird that used to play center and owned the football" . . . *Charles Hamp* singing over *W.O.R.* . . . a new member for the *Hidden Beauties Club*—the gal behind the perfume counter at *Lord & Taylor's* . . . *Sam Schwartz's* place on 8th St. . . .

Knickernocker Jr.

Theatre · by O. O. McIntyre



Stealing A Bow!

THIS is a tough spot. With such illustrious predecessors as James Metcalfe and Robert Benchley I feel as though I am treading—maybe it's trodding—on holy ground. They set so swift a pace I do not expect to keep up with them by ten city blocks.

I bring little erudition and no dignity whatever to the job. A stooping comic receiving a wham slightly below where his suspenders cross, or a clout with a bladder, is more than likely to send me rolling into the aisle.

I have laughed myself out of several town-halls and blubbered out loud at a little child in night dress stealing down from the nursery to the telephone to find out if Mama was in Heaven. That's the sort of critic you will find me.

I'm just a layman with all the layman's accumulative prejudices after paying \$10.50 to peek around a post to see a \$2 show. If I have any leanings it will be toward the public that pays, and I have no expectation of becoming one of the Rialto's fair-haired boys.

I expect to receive long, querulous telegrams from the lavender-shirted Flo. Ziegfeld, perhaps a friendly letter from Claude Greener chiding me for not prefixing the estimable Shuberts with "Messrs" and maybe I'll be permitted to whiff the incense and hear the gongs while Belasco tugs at a white fetlock in the inner sanctum. Who knows?

This is somewhat of an experiment on the part of both LIFE and myself. I might not like the job and LIFE

might want a brighter boy. We are merely caroling—care for it?—and have not snapped into our waltz.

My knowledge of the theatre is not at all academic. I know nothing of baby spots, back drops and such, and possibly would not recognize a proscenium to gag up an old one, if one jumped in my lap. Plays that regularly ordained critics dismissed with a wise crack have appealed to me as having the beauty and romance of a Viennese waltz.

My only assets are a love of the theatre and a flop-eared country boy's natural astonishment that actors are paid \$1,000 a week.

I have been thrilled by the theatre and a constant patron since, as a program boy in Gallipolis, O., I saw Della Fox in tights in "Wang" smoking a cigarette and singing something about a summer night and a babbling brook.

I have followed show-boat bands up the levee to parade Front street, wept for the village heroine betrayed by the city chap and hissed when she received a stern father's: "Out of my house, I'll have no dinner of your gittin'!"

I have also occupied A1 at the Follies and watched Diamond Jim Brady waddle down the aisle with a Dolly sister on each arm. There are few talked about plays in the past ten years I have not seen here and abroad, and I flatter myself I am entirely too "theatre-conscious" to be awed by Ethel Barrymore's throatiness or Otis Skinner's high-blown curtain speech.

For instance, my playgoing has been fairly regular this season and I think the best entertainment value is not on the legitimate—I abhor that term—stage but in a talkie called "The Broadway Melody." Not the best show, mark you, but the best for the money.

I think the most hilarious comedian of the season is Bert Lahr in "Hold Everything!" whose name is not etched in lights. I think one of the cutest tricks in musical comedy is lisping Marjorie White, who is not even featured in "Lady Fingers."

Only one tune of the year to me has

the evanescent quality called "haunting" and that is "Lover, Come Back To Me!" in "New Moon", and it is reminiscent of some fugitive, eluding strain of long ago. Were I to choose the best bit of emotional acting, signified by a rare restraint, I would bow in the direction of Alice Brady in a just so-so play called "A Most Immoral Lady."

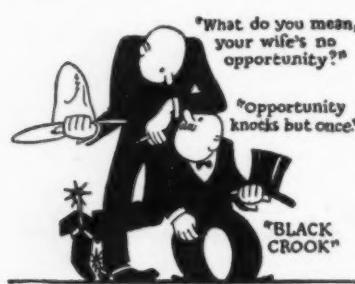
All this may give you a sketchy idea of my feeble fitness for a critical role and indicates what a break another "Abie's Irish Rose" might get from me.

Dramatic reviewing seems to me the least irksome of all writing. I look about the first-night aisles and see the veteran Percy Hammond's rosy cheeks growing rosier. Burns Mantle, after 25 years of it, would look all right in a raccoon coat. And, of course, everybody knows the doddering Alexander Woollcott's penchant for garlanding his hair with a jonquil to "dance in the streets."

If you like any of my reviews, write me. If you do not like them, write the editor. I am fixing it up with friends to send him enough boosts to offset your knocks anyway.

Finally, you will find on this page no hair-raising critical observations or those studied but seemingly casual references to the Greek drama. I shall try honestly and may I say fairly to tell you what is going on in the theatre and my loutish reaction to this, that and the other.

And if in so doing I am able now and then to make you hear the single jingle of a jester's bell I shall be tickled pink. Let's go!



Movies · by Harry Evans

*"Noah's Ark"*

NOAH'S Ark" is a combination of "The Ten Commandments," "The Big Parade" and a Hollywood interpretation of the Sixth and Seventh Chapters of the Book of Genesis. It is not as spectacular as the "Commandments" or "Parade", and if you take the children you must be prepared to explain certain little changes the Warner Brothers have made in the Bible. If you don't, the kiddies will think their Sunday School teacher has neglected to tell them some entertaining things about the flood. For instance:

When Noah goes up on the mount to hear God's message he witnesses the miracle of the burning bush. It was Moses, and not Noah, who saw the burning bush. The message concerning the building of the ark appears to Noah in flaming letters on a tablet of rock. In inserting a little miracle of their own, the producers muffed a good idea. If the Vitaphone had been used to reproduce the Voice coming to Noah, it might have been made quite impressive. We are certain the Warners didn't pass it up because it seemed too pretentious, for the movies will attempt anything once. A miniature set is used during this scene, and Noah is represented by a little white, fuzzy doll that gives no sign of emotion other than to raise its hands to Heaven in spasmodic little jerks. (Perhaps they shouldn't have used the Voice after all.) In answer to the message Noah replies, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven". Noah might have said it, but most of us will accept these words as part of the Lord's Prayer, which

did not come into use until the day of the New Testament.

The story, written by Darryl Francis Zanuck, attempts to show a parallel between the Flood which cleansed the earth with water, and the World War which (according to Zanuck) cleansed the world with blood. The one big difference between the two events is that the flood killed off everybody but Noah's family and the animals, thereby giving creation a fresh start; whereas the World War left a lot of people hanging around who still think the fighting was rather un-called for.

The picture is shown in two parts. In the first an American (George O'Brien) is travelling abroad with his pal (Guinn Williams) when he meets a German girl (Dolores Costello) and falls in love with her. Comes the war and Guinn enlists. George marries Dolores and decides that he "cannot fight against her people." Duty finally prevails and he gets in the scrap. George and Guinn meet at the front but the joy of reunion is shortlived when George accidentally kills his pal. This incident is reminiscent of "Wings". Later Dolores is arrested as a spy and sentenced to be shot. Of

course she is delivered from this fate and rejoined by her husband so the affair can end according to the best movie traditions.

In the second part Noah's handmaiden (Dolores) is in love with Noah's son (George). The Bible tells us that all of Noah's sons were married, but experience has taught movie producers that the public is more interested in lovers who are not married. The wicked king (Noah Beery) decrees that Dolores shall be sacrificed to his idol, and in the picture the Lord has to plan his flood just at the proper moment to help George save her.

Some of the inundation scenes are made impressive through the use of a gigantic water supply. These will be particularly enjoyed by movie fans who like to see roofs and pillars cave in, as practically all the mammoth sets faw down and go splash. Lack of attention to detail in the flood shots done in miniature robs these scenes of reality.

And when the animals start heading for the Ark you will wonder where Noah is going to put all of them. Instead of ambling docilely along in pairs, they hotfoot it for the boat in droves. The first two that reach the gangplank evidently get the reservations.

These huge spectacles make it impossible for the actors to display their individual talents to advantage. It must be said, however, that Miss Costello's talkie performances do not improve with age. Why the Warner Brothers continue to force her unsatisfactory voice on the public is one of the mysteries of the movies.

A good word should be said for the efforts of Messrs. O'Brien,

(Continued on Page 42)



"I know her name's Smith—an' she lives in the Forties."

NEW YORK Life

Life's Ticket Service

LIFE takes great pleasure in announcing the opening of a special Ticket Service for LIFE Readers which will enable them to obtain good orchestra seats for New York Attractions at Box-Office Prices.

If you are planning a visit to New York, or if you live in New York, we hope you will find this service not only a money-saver but a convenience. LIFE, with the co-operation of honest theatrical producers, hopes to wipe out that parasite of the New York theatre—the ticket scalper. Many sincere efforts have been made to remove this stigma, and all have failed—but while there's LIFE there's hope!

LIFE has also opened a General Information Bureau. If you are in New York and want to know where the new Movies are playing, or desire information regarding Theatres, Restaurants or Supper Clubs, call Plaza 9842 before 5 P.M. Calls on Saturday must be made before noon.

How to Use Life's Ticket Service

First tickets available April 19th

For theatres and other attractions reserving LIFE seats, see Confidential Guide on Page 34.

Seats are available only for those attractions indicated by stars and at prices noted. These are box-office prices of orchestra seats.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE'S office at least seven days before the date of the performance. Orders for theatre parties of over four must be received two weeks in advance. Check for the exact amount must be attached to each PURCHASE ORDER.

Purchase Order

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Dear Life:

I want seats for the following:

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Check for \$..... enclosed herewith.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box office on the evening of the performance.

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IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

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NO ORDERS FOR SEATS WILL BE TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

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This service is not offered in connection with matinee seats, which are ordinarily available at box offices.

...and so to bed...late...too much supper...wish

I could get to sleep...bad dreams...business worries...

dog barks...baby cries...time to get up...jangled nerves

...irritable skin.

—then is the time your skin
needs the comfort of a fresh Gillette Blade



THE NEW FIFTY BOX
Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette
Blades (10 Packets of fives) in a
colorful chest that will serve you
afterward as a sturdy button box,
cigarette box or jewel case...ideal
as a gift, too. Five dollars at your
dealer's.

when the hot water faucet runs cold and your shaving cream is down to the last squeeze and you scarcely have time to lather anyway; mornings when all the cards seem stacked against your Gillette. But slip in a fresh blade. Enjoy the same smooth, clean shave that you get on the finest morning.

You have to go through the Gillette factory to understand how it's possible to pack so much dependable shaving comfort into a razor blade.

There you see some \$12,000,000 worth of machinery invented and improved continuously for twenty-five years for just one purpose: to make the Gillette Blade—*every* Gillette Blade—do its smooth, expert job *every* morning for the thirty million Americans who count on it.

There you see in operation the unique system which makes four out of nine Gillette blade department workers inspectors—paid a bonus for every defective blade they discard.

At least a dozen varying conditions affect the comfort of your shave. But the Gillette blade doesn't change. It is the *one* constant factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

THERE are mornings when a fresh Gillette Blade is better than any pick-me-up you can name.

And there are mornings when your beard is as tough and blue as your state of mind;



★ ★ ★ **Gillette** 

Confidential Guide



For Instructions on Life's Ticket Service See Page 32.

Drama

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE. Empires—Katherine Cornell being innocent in an innocent age. Her caricature is in Sardi's.

THE BROKEN CHAIN. Musque—Built for New York consumption. Very Yiddish.

BROTHERS. Forty-eighth St.—Bert Lytell playing a wicked twin as well as the honest one and as neatly as he wears a dinner coat in the movies.

★**CYRANO DE BERGERAC. Hampden's.** \$3.85—Uptown high-brow that seems never to tire the "Hampden public."

DYNAMO. Martin—A fellow from Gallipolis called it "a mechanistic monody," and then shot three ushers in cold blood.

GYPSY. Klaw—Claiborne Foster is in it and that pleases enough to keep it running a spell.

HARLEM. Apollo—A meaty chunk from the Black Belt with some real drama and vulgar hip flipping.

MAN'S ESTATE. Biltmore—Margalo Gilmore and Earle Larimore. To be reviewed later.

★**MIMA. Belasco.** \$5.50—Lenore Ulric in her huskiest voice with Sidney Blackmer in one of Father Dave's epics. Fair.

STRANGE INTERLUDE. John Golden—Is this thing still running?

★**STREET SCENE. Playhouse.** \$3.85—If it doesn't win the Pulitzer prize, there is no justice in the world.

THE WHISPERING GALLERY. Forty-ninth St.—It raises a little goose flesh, but not much.

ZEPPELIN. Forrest—Boom booming way up in the air. And leaving the audience there.

BUCKAROO. Erlanger—Mentioned in this issue.

Comedy

LET US BE GAY. Little—Clever Francine Larrimore in the merriest, best cast comedy in town.

CAPRICE. Guild—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt as wistful as anything.

COURAGE. Ritz—Janet Beecher and some "wonder kiddies" in grim stuff.

★**HOLIDAY. Plymouth.** \$3.85—One of those heigh-ho smart plays but without Hope Williams wouldn't be worth that. But she's elegant.

LITTLE ACCIDENT. Ambassador—A mix-up about a baby with a few laughs.

THE MARRIAGE BED. Booth—An old theme—the triangle. And it jingles faintly.

★**A MOST IMMORAL LADY. Court.** \$3.00—Alice Brady, in a badger-game plot, doing the best bit of emotionalism of the season.

★**THE PERFECT ALIBI. Charles Hopkins.** \$4.40—A quaint solution of a murder mystery. SERENA BLANDISH. Morosco—More serena than blandish but it has A. E. Matthews.

THE FRONT PAGE. Times Square—A rowdy libel on a noble calling.

SKIDDING. Bayes—It seems to be picking at something—maybe the coverlet.

THE YELLOW JACKET. Coburn—Grandpa liked this one and it's still good.

Eye and Ear

ANIMAL CRACKERS. Forty-fourth—The Marx Brothers and there are those who like them.

★**BLACKBIRDS OF 1929. Eltinge.** \$4.40—Bill Robinson tap-dancing would be enough but there is a lot more.

FIORETTA. Earl Carroll—The most spectacularly beautiful show on the boards. And Leon Errol and Fanny Brice are mixed up in it.

★**FOLLOW THRU. Forty-sixth St.** \$5.50—A grand show.

★**GOON BOY. Hammerstein.** \$5.50—Charles Butterworth's speech about the step-tacker is worth the price if you buy at the box office.

HELLO DADDY. George M. Cohan—Lew Fields and George Hassell making customers laugh merrily with mid-Victorian stuff.

Hold Everything! Broadhurst—Bert Lahr's horse laugh laying 'em out in the aisle, and some pleasant tunes.

THE HOUSEBOAT ON THE STYX. Liberty—Hilarious Blanche Ring and the equally hilarious Jack Hazzard.

LADY FINGERS. Vanderbilt—Marjorie White's lisp and Eddie Buzzell's eye-rolling make it dandy.

★**MUSIC IN MAY. Casino.** \$5.50—Melodious operetta adapted from German.

★**THE NEW MOON. Imperial.** \$5.50—Sat. \$6.60—They all go away whistling "Lover, Come Back to Me!", and a stirring male chorus helps. So does Evelyn Herbert.

★**PLEASURE BOUND. Majestic.** \$5.50—Phil Baker "burbanking" a new plant in a stage box and Jack Pearl exploding like a bottle of pop, with other good revue material.

★**THE RED ROBE. Shubert.** \$5.50—Proof the good old operetta is still appreciated.

SHOW BOAT. Ziegfeld—It hasn't even a calliope but O, boy!

WHOOPEE! New Amsterdam—Eddie Cantor flashing his button eyes and clapping his hands with the same old gusto. And Paul Whiteman at his best.

★**MIDNIGHT FROLIC. Ziegfeld Roof.** \$6.60—M. Chevalier at his best and a frail young blonde used as a skipping rope in a hair raising adagio dance.

OTHER OPENINGS. The Suicide Club—An adaption of Robert Louis Stevenson's new Arabian Nights.

BEDFELLOWS. A comedy with Mildred McLeod and Georges Renavent.



Repertory

AIRWAYS, INC. Grove Street—The best of the little theatre offerings and, what is especially surprising, well acted.

CIVIC REPERTORY. Fourteenth St.—"Katerina" with Nazimova, has been added to Miss LeGallienne's already impressive list.

Movies

HEARTS IN DIXIE. (TALKIE) Fox—An excellent study of the Southern rural negro. Good singing and a swell comedy performance by Stepin Fetchit.

BROADWAY MELODY. (TALKIE) Metro-Goldwyn—The best of the song-and-dance talkies. A triumph for Bessie Love.

THE IRON MASK. (SOUND) United Artists—The sequel to "The Three Musketeers", but not quite as good. Two short talking sequences by Doug Fairbanks for their advertising value.

THE FLYING FLEET. (SOUND) Metro-Goldwyn—Ramon Novarro shows how Annapolis graduates become flyers. Exceptional aeroplane photography.

CAPTAIN LASH. (SOUND) Fox—Victor McLaglen proves that movie heroes do not have to be handsome. Good comedy by Clyde Cook.

THE SINS OF THE FATHER. (SOUND) Paramount—Even Mr. Volstead will like Emil Jannings as a bootlegger.

A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS. (SOUND) Metro-Goldwyn—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in a slightly purified version of "The Green Hat." Garbo is great.

WEARY RIVER. (TALKIE) First National—Another crook reforms through the power of music. Richard Barthelmess sings the theme song (or goes through the motions.)

THE BARKER. (TALKIE) First National—A really good talking picture. Milton Sills supported by lots of sex appeal. Recommended for adults.

THE SHOPWORN ANGEL. (TALKING SEQUENCES) Paramount—Much better than the average. Nancy Carroll, Gary Cooper and Paul Lukas.

Supper Clubs

***Dressy. C Cover Charge. H Head Waiter.**

AMBASSADOR GRILL. Park Avenue at 51st. Nice quiet place to dance. * C.\$1.50-2.00.

BARNEY'S. 85 West 3rd. A swell place. A swell orchestra. C.\$2.00-3.00. H. Arnold. CARANOVA, 151 West 54th. Great hang-out. C.\$3.00.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 West 56th. Olsen is back. C.\$5.00.

HEIGHT-HO. 35 East 53rd. Nice place. Good orchestra. * C.\$2.00-3.00. H. George.

LIDO. 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very Park Avenue. Beatrice Lillie and Moss and Fontana.

* C.\$5.00. H. Cabiat.

MONTMARTE. 205 West 50. Oldest supper club in town and still popular. C.\$3.00. H. Charlie.

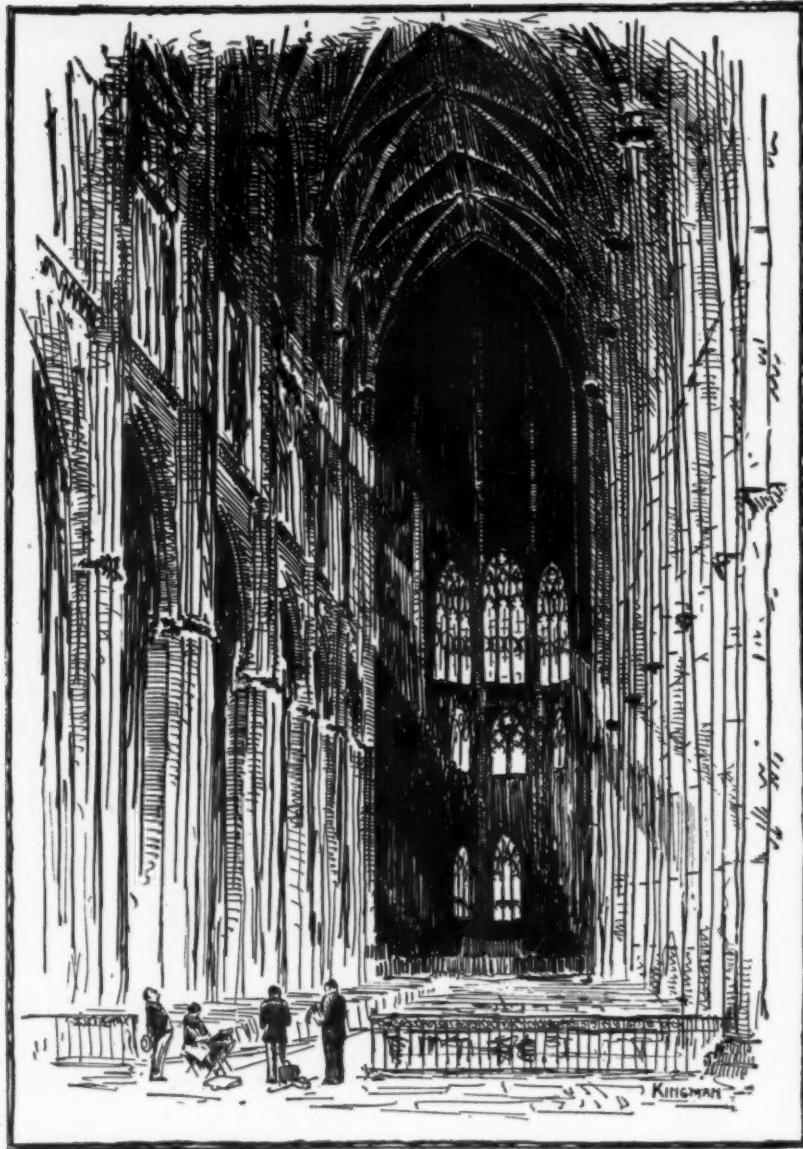
(Continued on Page 39)



In compact, convenient form Mohawk-Hobbs Guides give complete, accurate, unbiased touring information on all long distance travel routes. Price 20c at all Mohawk Dealers.



FOR SIXTEEN YEARS MAKERS OF FINE TIRES



The Crane Company sends a committee abroad to find new ideas in bathroom designs. —Yale Record.

CRAIG—What's that old refrigerator doing in your daughter's room?

HOLT—She's in love with the ice-man, and calls it her hopechest.

—Baltimore Sun.

Every girl baby has an expectation of life four years longer than that of a boy baby. This is only fair, because she has much more to say.

—London Opinion.

The doctor had received an urgent call from the home of a young couple. Arriving, the doctor found the young father on the doorstep, watch in hand.

"What's the trouble?" asked the doctor.

"Nothing this time, doctor. My wife just wanted to see how quickly you could get here in case she was taken suddenly ill. You did it in four minutes this time." —Pearson's.

"The motor is ruining the younger generation," declares a writer. It seems the other way round to many fathers. —Everybody's Weekly.

"So they have found that swindler the police have wanted."

"Yes, he went to an hotel and said he was an American; he sat down and didn't drink alcohol, so the manager got suspicious."

—Faun, Vienna.



The Day-After-Easter Parade.



"Ready to sail—and you show up in costume!"
"If you'd only notice the ads, you'd know this is the proper thing to wear
on a cruise."

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Danger lurks behind white teeth NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*the disease-of-neglect ignores teeth, attacks
gums and claims 4 out of 5 as its victims

WHITE teeth are attractive. Their soundness contributes to the preservation of good health. But teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And however white they may be, danger lurks behind them.

For certain prevalent diseases of neglect ignore teeth and attack the gums. And when once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance. Too many of us disregard this threat. And as the penalty for neglect, 4 persons out of 5

after forty and thousands younger sacrifice health.

But these odds are unfair, deceiving. Just follow this regime: See your dentist at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously, but use the dentifrice made for the purpose . . . Forhan's for the Gums. This dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them sound. Thus it fortifies teeth and health. As you know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

In addition, the way in which Forhan's cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay will delight you.

Start using Forhan's regularly, every morning and every night. Teach your children this good habit. They'll thank you in the years to come. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York



Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

"What is meant by Cosmopolitan?"
"William Randolph Hearst."
—Cornell Widow.

According to a novelist, 30 is the proper age for a woman. If she isn't proper by that time, she never will be.
—Burr.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

FRED—Does your wife have trouble with the servants?

WALLACE—Yeah, with all except me.
—Film Fun.

GENTLEMAN IN GOVERNMENT LIQUOR STORE: I want a chort of Quampagne an' a scottle of Botch!

—Toronto Goblin.

Rouge is what makes a girl look nice when she doesn't use any.

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you trail rice in the hotel lobby

...be nonchalant . . . LIGHT A MURAD.



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598 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

10 WEEKS FOR \$1

IT'S EASY TO OBEY THAT IMPULSE

Name _____

and _____

Address _____

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 22)

puddles, and as we trooped across the lobby in the train of four porters, we did look as if we had come in a covered wagon, and Sam tells me we shall always look as if we had just got by Ellis Island unless I can learn to do without Poland water and a portable library, and can bring myself to throw away pieces of cold chicken and superfluous stuffed eggs.

MARCH 11—Down to breakfast in the dining-room, pondering how it is one of life's ironies for me to be in the Virginia ham belt with a head cold which destroys my sense of taste, and how the New York journals do advertise desirable commodities at fire-sale prices only when I am out of town. Inscribed some more picture postals, being God's greatest gift to that industry, and then up to see if my face cloth had dried, and it had not, but forasmuch as it was a costly monogrammed one, I did pack it, nevertheless, with a great feeling of gratitude to the man who thought of lining toilet kits with rubber. Headed for Richmond after luncheon, but as we drew into Petersburg, only twenty miles away, a great knocking set up in our engine which the service man did say would require four hours to fix, so to a local inn to put up for the night, concealing my wrath and disappointment only by a fierce concentration on the military career of Ulysses S. Grant. The time until dinner gone over a novel called "The

(Continued on Page 40)



THE
SAVOY-
PLAZA

Longfellow-Prescott



New York's
latest supreme
hotel
achievement

Fifth Avenue, fifty eighth to fifty ninth street
directly adjacent to the new fashion and
shopping center.

Overlooking Central Park with its lakes
and knolls; especially refreshing during
the spring and summer months.

[Some management as Hotel Plaza]



RIGHT IN THE WHIRL

SOME of these very full days hardly leave us any time. Have to gallop through shaving with a hustle—and trust to luck—or, if you're in the know, to Squibb's Shaving Cream.

Time doesn't matter when you brush up with Squibb's. It always does a cool, thorough, comfortable job of shaving.

Try it. You'll find your razor singing a song of smoothness. What a real surprise you'll find in the mellow comfort—the soothing freshness of a good Squibb shave! All drug stores sell it. 40¢ a generous tube.

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A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 34)

GUINAN'S, 203 West 54th. Whoopee. C.\$4.00-5.00. H.Carl.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC, New Amsterdam Theatre. Helen Morgan Chevalier, and a big check. *C.\$6.60.

RENDEZVOUS, Winter Garden Theatre. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, the funniest birds in town. C.\$3.00-4.00. H.Leon.

SEAGLADE, St. Regis Hotel. Vincent Lopez speaking. *C.\$1.50-3.00. H.Charles.

VILLA VALEE, 10 East 60th. Collegiate. *C.\$2.00-3.00. H.Jean.

Books

DODSWORTH (*Harcourt, Brace*), by Sinclair Lewis—A penetrating but sympathetic examination of American marriage, with some views on Americans abroad for good measure. Enthusiastically recommended as the finest thing Lewis has ever done.

PIES (*Putnam*), by Thea von Harbou—The author of *Metropolis* constructs a big mystery story convincing in detail.

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP (*Simon & Schuster*), by Joan Lowell—The vigorous and pleasantly vulgar autobiography of a young lady brought up on the South Seas.

LOVE IN CHICAGO (*Harcourt, Brace*), by Charles Waltz—The revealing diary of a professional killer.

HUMDRUM HOUSE (*Little, Brown*), by Jeanette Phillips Gibbs—Fine novel of marriage, monotony, and how one woman escaped it.

INTO THIN AIR (*Crime Club*), by Horatio Winslow and Leslie Quirk—Racy mystery involving a magician, a medium, and the alleged spirit of a dead crook which does in a famous criminologist. Unfair ending, but worth reading.

Dance Numbers

(Sheet Music)

"Just a New Kind of Old Fashioned Girl" (no show)

"Along Came Sweetness" (no show)

"Song of My Heart" (*Spring Is Here*)

"Yours Sincerely" (*Spring Is Here*)

"Red Hot Trumpet" (*Spring Is Here*)

"Honey" (no show)

"I Could Give Up Anything But You" (*Follow Thru*)

"Fashionette" (no show)

"Me and the Clock" (no show)

"Dance of the Paper Doll" (no show)

"Raise the Dust" ("Lady Fingers")

"Susianna" (no show)

"Song of Songs" (*Lady of the Pavements*)

Records

I WANT TO BE BAD—(2) **BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT** (*Victor*)

Two numbers from "Follow Thru," sung a bit differently by Helen Kane.

ALONG CAME SWEETNESS—(2) **A LOVE TALE OF ALSACE LORRAINE** (*Columbia*)

(1) Very light and peppy, with vocal chorus.
(2) Slow and dreamy.

MY LUCKY STAR—(2) **YOU WOULDN'T FOOL ME, WOULD YOU?** (*Brunswick*)

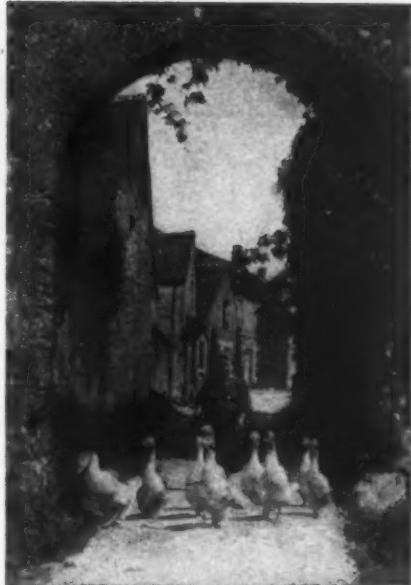
Two of the more melodious numbers from "Follow Thru."

LOUISIANA—(2) **RHYTHM KING** (*Okeh*)

Very extra special hot, both of them.

I FAW DOWN AND GO BOOM—(2) **PRECIOUS LITTLE THING CALLED LOVE** (*Victor*)

(1) Nonsense by George Olsen's boys.
(2) Music by his band.



Explore the Real France ... via Cunard

Beyond Paris . . . the real France, on the white, poplar-bordered roads, that lead, as straight as the Roman legions marched, to chateaux, vineyards and cathedrals. Go to Rheims, Chartres, Blois, go to Mont St. Michel and Carcassonne! Stop at inns so clean that the copper shines like gold. Lunch in a garden, where a chef will make omelettes that angels might envy. Taste champagne that has never been moved two miles from its vineyards.

Cross Cunard to Cherbourg: the shortest and quickest way to France. And, if you like, shorten your stay in Paris. For life in the Aquitania or the Mauretania is as "cosmopolite" as life in Paris . . . the food will be like the food at the Ritz or the Crillon, and you'll meet the same people. Cross Cunard . . . have your Paris-and-London in one, on the crossing . . . and then seek out the *real* France, that has not been "internationalized".

TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND

MAURETANIA April 10 · May 1 · May 22

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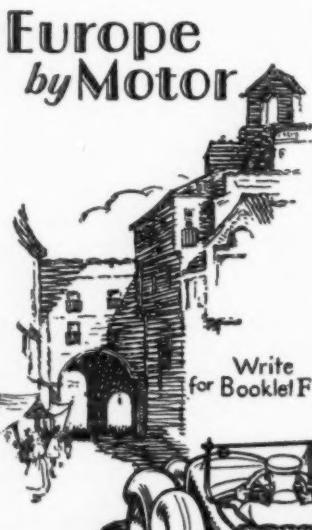


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Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 38)

"Peep Show", which does strike me as though its two parts were wrote by different authors, so superior is the second to the first. Then, after a suitable libation which Sam asserted would do more for us than any Travellers' Aid Society, down for one of the finest meals that ever I ate in my life, seeming so, possibly, because it is the first I have been able to savor in days—succulent chilled oysters, a broiled beef-steak, Julienne potatoes, French fried onions, cold slaw, and cream cheese with Bar-le-duc. All the evening at my writing, on a typing machine borrowed from the inn's staff, and from their eagerness to be of service after their first astonishment at the request had died away, I am convinced they do think me either Mrs. Wharton or Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Say it with flowers,
Say it with sweets,
Say it with kisses,
Say it with eats,
Say it with jewelry,
Say it with drink,
But always be careful
Not to say it with ink.

—Pathfinder.

We pin the hollyhock of welcome upon the eminent recruit to the magazine-writing racket. We are sure that Comrade Coolidge will get fewer rejection slips from editors than he got from Congress. —New Yorker.

Mr. Louis B. Mayer, film mogul, is spoken of as Ambassador to Turkey. With sound?

—New York Evening Sun.

SHE: "Let's go to the pictures, so that we can hold hands without being seen."

HE: "Let's go to a 'talkie', so that we can kiss without being heard."

—Everybody's Weekly.

At Buenos Aires soft drinks and cocktails can be obtained from slot machines. It must be annoying for a patron if he goes to the wrong machine and instead of his dry Martini receives a glass of warm milk with a prune in it. —Passing Show.

Dr. E. E. Free has a spectroscope which measures a chorus girl's blush. It will be demonstrated as soon as a machine is invented to make a chorus girl blush.

—New York Evening Sun.



DOCTOR: Hum, you'll have to have those tonsils out at once.

Speaking of the Eddie Cantor testimonial dinner of last Sunday, as we were just speaking, Bugs Baer said of the honored guest: "He was born on the east side during a lull in the conversation!" —*New York Graphic*.

FATHER: So you smoke?

CO-ED: Yes, father.

FATHER: Well, save me the coupons.

—*Flamingo*.

An interesting rumor current in Fleet Street is that a London evening paper is about to make a feature of a whole page for grown-up readers.

—*Punch*.

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Send for booklet of particulars

•French Line•

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City.



Sometime, just for variety, some mystery story writer will have the body found on the ceiling.

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36 days to Iceland, Spitsbergen,
Norway and the North Cape.

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or local steamship agents.

Movies

(Continued from Page 31)

Williams and Beery. Paul McAllister knows how to wear whiskers and is adequately venerable as Noah. He also performs commendably as the minister in the modern sequences.

"Noah's Ark" is an interesting spectacle, but it is not nearly as important as it pretends to be.

"Lady of the Pavements"

LADY of the Pavements" is only an average movie, regardless of the fact that it was directed by D. W. Griffith. The legend that all pictures made by Mr. Griffith should be of unusual excellence dates back to "The Birth of a Nation" and "Dream Street". It is, perhaps, unfair that a man's efforts should be judged by the best things he has done in the past, but it must be admitted that the mediocrity of "Lady of the Pavements" is emphasized because it was directed by a man who has shown himself capable of much better things.

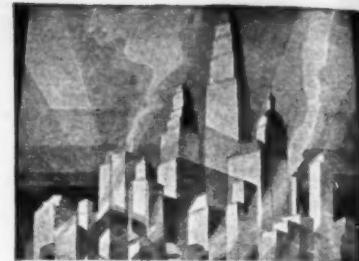
The star of the picture is Lupe Velez who sings several songs in a small though not unpleasant voice. Miss Velez might be a very attractive screen personality indeed if the executives who guide her destiny would allow her to stop being a tiger-woman. But a tiger-woman they say she shall be, so this nice little Mexican girl is forced to labor under the continual strain of being unrestrained. In one scene Mr. Griffith goes 100% Mack Sennett and allows Miss Velez to roll over and over on the floor while fighting for her honor, or something. The fact that aggressive little girls can take care of themselves in the movies may be encouraging to the Purity League, but I really think they look more attractive when they're losing.

Lupe's press agents claim that she has lots of sex appeal. Making her a tom boy is not the most efficient method of presenting this subtle asset.

Other featured players are William Boyd and Jetta Goudal. Mr. Boyd is not as effective as usual and he should watch his diet. Miss Goudal is as ineffective as usual, and she still insists on piling things on top of her head.

The story is about European court life in the 1860's. A lady of high degree is given the air by her betrothed when he catches her sneaking kisses with a strange man in her boudoir. Seeking revenge, the lady hires a girl of the streets to vamp the man who scorned her, and the aristocrat and street girl fall in love—which proves it's a movie.

"Lady of the Pavements" is fair diversion, and nothing more.



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EUROPE \$7.00^a day

200 All Expense Tours \$225 up. Booklet Free
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bright**

Merely darkening the lashes will not beautify eyes which are dull and lifeless. Make them bright and sparkling by daily applications of harmless . . .

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FOR YOUR
EYES

Rexall

TAKE THE NUISANCE OUT OF SHAVING

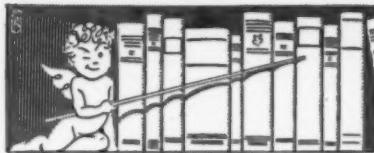


Here's real help for your razor, Klenzo Shaving Cream, without rubbing in, speedily "breaks" the most stubborn beard and enables your blade to sweep it away—swift and smooth and clean. Leaves your face feeling soothed and delightfully cool and fresh.

Lather Klenzo Shaving Cream with a Klenzo Shaving Brush—full-tufted, soft and the genuine bristles put in to stay in—guaranteed. Klenzo Shaving Needs are sold only at Rexall Stores. Save with safety at your

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DRUG STORE

There is one near you. You will recognize it by this sign. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores.



The New Books

by
Perry
Githens

DODSWORTH (*Harcourt, Brace*), by Sinclair Lewis, is far and away the best thing he has ever written, and not so very far nor so very much away from the best things that anybody has ever written.

The book came very close to being named "The Charming Mrs. Dodsworth", but while that elegant and complacent lady occupies a position of prominence in its pages, the story is the story of Sam Dodsworth.

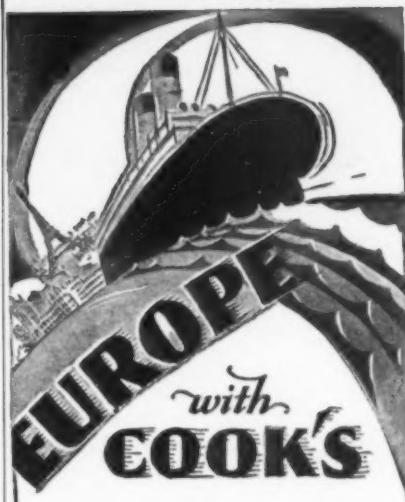
At fifty, "Sam Dodsworth was none of the things which most Europeans and many Americans expect in a leader of American industry. He was not a Babbitt, not an Elk, not a deacon, not a Rotarian . . . while he was bored by free verse, he thought rather well of Dreiser, Cabell, and so much of Proust as he had rather laboriously mastered. He played golf reasonably well, and did not often talk of his scores. He liked fishing camps in Ontario, but never made himself believe that he preferred hemlock boughs to a mattress. He was common sense apotheosized, he had the energy and reliability of a dynamo, he liked whisky and poker and pate de foie gras, and all the while he dreamed of motors like thunderbolts, as poets less modern than himself might dream of stars and roses and nymphs by a pool."

At fifty, Sam was ready to play. His automobile business he had sold to the U. A. C., the great motor trust. His daughter safely married, and his son in college, there was no reason why he shouldn't do what he wanted to do: run away with Fran, his wife, and catch up with whatever it was he had missed during those busy years.

So Sam and Fran sailed away. Sam, to see what he could see; Fran, to see and be seen. England, France, Italy, Germany, wherever he went, Sam was the worthy American, solid, good-humored, thoughtful. Fran, who "wore her knowledge as she wore her furs", must needs go native, taking Europeanism as a new garment for her self-adulation.

Just as *Main Street* exposed the inwardness of American life, *Babbitt*, the bones of American business, and *Elmer Gantry* the hypocrisy of American evangelism, so *Dodsworth* reveals the picture of American business success, American relations with Europe, and American marriage.

I don't see how you are going to



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avoid reading *Dodsworth*. It is a tremendously important and tremendously satisfying book. It is dramatic. It is warmly and sympathetically written. And Sam Dodsworth and Fran are as real as the people next door.

THE CENTRAL PARK MURDER (*Crime Club*), by Belden Duff, is a gratifyingly gory and exciting yarn concerning a pearl necklace, a practical joke which ended disastrously, a super-crook, a British Secret Service agent and a British nobleman, both incognito, and a New York society girl.

Four of the six important characters are not what they seem, and the whole thing interlocks beautifully. Primarily a mystery story, you have little chance of getting in any detective work, but the speed of the narrative hardly makes it necessary for the reader to do anything beyond whispering a shrewd guess or two.

PEOPLE (*Crime Club*), by Edgar Wallace, is the astounding autobiography of that prolific mystery writer.

The life of anyone who has rattled off a hundred and fifty books, four hundred short stories, and a dozen plays is worth looking into, and while Edgar Wallace reveals no secrets of the craft, he relates many interesting stories from his adventures as soldier, war-correspondent, editor, and writer.

SPIES (*Putnam*), by Thea von Harbou, is a preposterous, but entirely convincing mystery story.

Once again, we meet the super-criminal, with his marvelous organization which baffles the police of seven countries. Once again the beautiful lady spy falls in love with the gentleman spy on the other side . . . and vice versa. The plot is much the same as usual, but the manner is different.

Here, it is curiously authentic. This may be due to the illustrations, which are photographs from the movie of the same name, but mostly I think it is because of the skill of the author in bringing in realistic mechanical touches like television, poison gas, and the necessity of making reservations on through trains.

Let me put a foot in the door of Mr. Evans' department and recommend "Spies" as a movie. I saw it and liked it as well as the book. Both are exciting.



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1st Class, \$225 (up) Tourist. One Way, water, \$250 (up) 1st Cabin, \$125 (up) Tourist.

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Folding Tables and Chairs



Half a Century to Catch a Fish!

by Rex Beach

I HAD OFTEN been asked, and had myself sometimes wondered, why a slim contrivance made of bamboo would cost anywhere from \$10 to \$50 or more. Especially when a barefoot boy can catch such a beautiful string of perch with a ball of twine and a pin carefully bent in the middle.

And I had fished in all sorts of odd corners of the world before I had this chance to see great piles of Tonkin cane from China being shaped with loving care into fishing rods at Montague City.

New Thrill for Old Fisherman

What I learned gave me a thrill. The amount of delicate hand work on a really fine fishing rod is well-nigh inconceivable. Instead of paying too much, I had been paying too little, judged by ordinary commercial standards of production cost and selling price.

I was amazed to discover that, on the acres covered by the Montague plant, more than half of the world's split bamboo fishing rods are made. I had scarcely heard the name before. Most of my rods bore no name at all, or only those of local dealers.

Today the new Montague trade mark is being placed on the rods for definite identification of the products of this famous old establishment.

Hundreds of Busy Hands

And I was amazed to discover that, upon these delicate, powerful rods, hundreds of hands must labor before the store clerk finally hands them over the counter to us.

Months of work—half a century's experience, knowledge and skill—the craftsmanship of master craftsmen jewelers—all to help me catch a fish!

They Are "Different"

Fishermen are different from other men; fishing rod craftsmen are different from other workmen. The story of the Montague Company's methods is a story of quiet, calm, and courteous business methods, and the happy craftsmanship of half a century ago, marching straight on down into the present decade, amazingly—outstandingly—successful.

—Rex Beach

Montague Rods and Reels, famous for half a century because of quality, are featured by the best sport goods stores everywhere. Every rod handworked, every rod fairly priced and—finer rods can not be made.

Who's Who in Verse

William Edgar Borah

A Rose, the blushing Gift of Flora,
I'll pin on William Edgar Borah,
That snorting Mountain Buffalo
The Senator from Idaho.

For when his long, black Mare he
tosses
And paws the Prairie, Party Bosses
Are worried, flurried, scared and vexed
And don't know What is Coming
Next.

He won his Place among Headliners
By prosecuting Lawless Miners
In Spite of Threats and fierce Uproar
When Murder stalked in Nineteen-
four.

Then, in the Senate three Years later,
He proved himself a keen Debater,
A Fighter in the Foremost Rank,
Though Independent, not a Crank.

A wild Lone Wolf, by Reputation,
Who often skips the Reservation,
He shows again and yet again
That he can work with other Men.

As hardy as an Early Norseman,
The Senate's most distinguished Horse-
man,
His Epitaph let Fame indite:
"Not President, but mostly Right."
Arthur Guiterman.

A bachelor is a guy who didn't have
a car when he was young.

Ollapod.



The woman who used to wait at the front door for her husband.



A DUDE RANCH IN THE ROCKIES

—you can do what you please
when you please—or nothing
at all if you please! On the
cool veranda of a ranch
house you can loaf luxuri-
ously, comforting silence of
the mountains around you,
pine-scented air to breathe.

If you like action, there
are skyline trails to ride—
mountains to climb—streams
full of trout ready to fight!

We can tell you about all
sorts of western ranches—
ranches where you can rough
it with ease—real ranches
where rodeo stunts are part
of the cowboys' everyday job.
If you want a vacation that is
different please mail the cou-
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Shoot thrilling rounds of golf on the finest 18-hole course in the Canadian Rockies; loosen up your racquet arm on hard, fast tennis courts at Jasper Lodge.

Mountain climbing—up neighboring heights and back between meals, or extended trips with Swiss guides to high summits; conducted expeditions to Mount Robson and to the Columbia Ice Fields.

Or relax and rest in the comfort of your fully-serviced log villa. Evenings of bridge, music and dancing at the central lodge—canoeing on Lac Beauvert—a delightful social atmosphere with visitors from all parts of the world.

Special Jasper Golf Week — Sept. 7th to 14th

For detailed information and for reservations at Jasper Park Lodge, consult the nearest Canadian National office.



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"Sic Semper Tyrannis";

or,

"Acquitted Without Trial"

The California Limited had just pulled in to the station at Los Angeles. Under the sun-filled sky of rarest azure (Adv.—send bill to Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce) Pullman porters placed their little trick steps on the station platform, and stood waiting in smiling readiness for the passengers to descend. There was a general air of eager expectancy among the waiting native sons and daughters of the "Eureka" state, each of whom had a loved one or a dear friend about to debark.

Suddenly a gasp of incredulity went up from the happy, carefree throng; a low, angry murmuring started and went rumbling through the crowd, gathering momentum and volume as it sped on. In a few moments the mass of people was a seething, roaring mob. Cries of "Deport the alien! Lynch him! Get a rope!" smote the balmy air (Adv.—see foregoing instructions).

A passing real estate agent, hearing the hubbub from afar, ran through the station and onto the platform. What might this excitement be? And then he saw, and seeing, understood, and understanding, became as an avenging angel.

"Make way!" he thundered majestically, taking a revolver from his pocket. Drawing a bead on a hapless figure on the car platform, he shot the man through the heart, to the accompaniment of hysterical cheers from those about him.

He had shot an Eastern tourist who had appeared carrying an umbrella.

—Hal Smith.

At Travelerheads

Dedicated to those who are dedicated to jealousy . . .

Soon the folk who spent the Winter In the Southlands will begirter Mosey back from balmy Florider I can think of nothing horrider When I match their coats of tan Against my wan and pallid pan . . . Though I'm not a jealous person I could do a lota cursin'.

For they're only coming back To tell Francine or Whelps to pack A coupla dozen trunks or so In order that they now may go Off to idle through the Summer While I loiter like a Plumber . . . Though I'm not a jealous person I could do a lota cursin'.

—George Mitchell.

High Tide At the Flowing Bowl . . .

HAY'S Five Fruit



35 Ways of Using

ANOTHER good man is headed toward the altar and the "halter". A festive farewell to freedom . . . but with a note of pathos mingling in the merriment.

Ah well, that's life, but there's this consolation: Five Fruit will still have its place in the love nest. Fortunately, it's as tasty in a fruit cup or jelly as it is in punch or cocktail . . . quite as apt in the rescue of a bud-bride's dinner as a bachelor's supper.



Like love itself Add Five Fruit
for the most delicious drink you've
ever tasted.



HAY'S FRUIT JUICE CO.

67 York St., Portland, Me.

- Here's a dollar for half pint each of Hay's Five Fruit and Hay's Panama Punch.
You are to pay transportation.
 Send me a copy of your recipe folder—



Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Age _____



A dash of Panama Punch
in the shaker. Presto! A
cocktail to croc about.

PANAMA PUNCH
Refreshingly tart
and different.



Wings of the morning

Switch off—contact—the whirr of the prop—the motor's drone—and our country gentleman, latest edition, takes off on the wings of the morning to work in the city—miles and miles away. For flying is bringing country life to city workers—aviation's contribution to more leisurely, more healthful, and less expensive living.

Visionary? Not at all. Everyday flying is just around the corner. It's all a matter of stability; of consistent performance rather than heroic achievement.

Command-Aire is a plane of almost uncanny

stability. In the picture shown below and drawn from a photograph copyrighted by the Chicago Herald and Examiner, the pilot leaves the controls and straddles the fuselage, while the Command-Aire flies complacently and unerringly onward. This is in no sense a stunt, but an everyday demonstration of Command-Aire stability.

Command-Aire is now being exhibited at the Detroit Show. We shall be glad to arrange a demonstration there; you may call on any of our distributors as listed below, or write us direct. Just address,

Command-Aire Incorporated, Little Rock, Arkansas.

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Open-Mouthed Admiration

Photographs of all my teeth have been taken at the request of my dentist whom I always make a point of humoring. When he suggested that he would like some nice x-ray pictures of my teeth to remind him of many golden hours spent with them, I agreed at once. In fact, I never even thought of refusing. I would hate to do anything that might give him pain, and some day I hope he may feel the same way about me.

I was prompt for my appointment at the studio and the photographer posed me without a word.

"Shall I look pleasant?" I asked him. "Pray do," he said. "You might even smile."

I did so and he popped a plate into my mouth. He then advanced on it determinedly with the camera.

"I know I have a large mouth but I'm afraid I can't quite manage the camera," I objected. The photographer, however, stopped just short of it. It was to be a close-up.

"Picture ahead. Kodak as you go,"



GENT ON LADDER: "Oh my Gosh! Charlie's got the hiccoughs again!"

I told him. He responded by shoving the plate in further so I could not talk. Other plates were introduced in rapid succession until the sitting was over.

"Just send me a set of the proofs when they are ready," I said, as I left. "I'm sure they will turn out well, I can't promise that I will order very many pictures. You see these are all my adult teeth. Now if they had been my baby teeth, it would be different. One always has lots of pictures of the babies."

But I plan to order a picture of every tooth in my head. Photographs preserve memories so well. Later on I know I'll be glad to have those por-

Like three continents - but with ideal weather for sightseeing

YOU'LL see a rearing peak, snow clad in June. You'll see a gay and colorful watering place. Here are Spanish missions, centuries old . . . crumbling, yet inspiring still . . . monuments to saintly Padres.

A rocky headland resembles a stretch of the Riviera. A desert like Sahara provides the unique foliage of the sandy waste. Gardens of rare blossoms are set in velvet lawns. Giant monarchs of the forest contrast with the green acres of oranges. Vast wildernesses are but a short day's ride from famed hotels and restaurants. An island playground rises from the sea.

See rare beauties, hundred-mile views. Motor over mile-high mountain boulevards. These sights . . . a trip abroad, in fact, in your own America . . . are yours this summer if you choose. Play golf on 65 famous courses. Fish for deep sea fighters or the game trout of mountain brooks. Hike along a mountain range. Camp in a primeval forest. Sail before a fresh ocean breeze. Swim in the surf or loaf on the sunny beach. Rest. Relax. *The change is what you need.*

Where is this land? It's Southern California, where perfect days invite exercise and play, where cool nights mean sound, restful sleep.

The summer climate of Southern California is always a revelation to the visitor. Summer days are comfortable and free from humidity. By sundown, even in July and August, there is a touch of chill in the air. Nine nights out of ten are slept under blankets.

It's practically rainless, too, in summer. You can spend every waking hour out of doors.

You will find much of interest in the orchards of oranges, lemons, dates, avocados, and other semi-tropic fruits. The agricultural crops of Los Angeles County alone approximate \$95,000,000 annually and its oil fields represent an investment of a billion dollars. Los Angeles, largest city on the Pacific Coast, with its moving picture industry, its gay



theatres, restaurants and clubs is a source of unending attraction for the visitor.

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 Los Angeles Sports Santa Barbara San Diego Ventura

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If you don't happen to own a magic carpet, a travel bureau will do just as well.

traits to muse over and see how my teeth looked in younger and happier days. I can imagine myself showing those pictures to friends of an evening, smiling sadly over them and sighing, "Ah, youth, youth!"

Yes, thanks to my dentist's splendid idea, I shall have a fine photograph album. There will be Ernest Incisor, the founder of the family fortunes, leaning on his toothpick in the gold diggings. Ah, the sturdy old pioneer! Others struck gold later, but he was the first of them all.

There will be a study of Kitty Canine, all ready for her coming out party. I'll never forget Kitty. She was such a sweet tooth. I must have a view of Michael Molar, too, at the time of his coronation.

Dear, quaint, old Wisdom Tooth and her sister can not be left out of the album, for the time approaches, I fear, when they will have passed on to their reward. There will even be a page for bad Billy Bicuspid, that gay, young rake, although he has given me many a twinge in this life. I know he has been abandoned and dissipated and is living on his nerve right now, but after all he's mine.

It will be a precious souvenir, that photograph album. In after years, I will pour over its pages and murmur, "They were Teeth in those days!"

Fairfax Downey.

"Do you really love me?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Well, here's my check-book. You can look over the stubs."

Texas Ranger.

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Life's Little Ironies

"I don't say it just because he happens to be ours but he really is an unusual child. I've never seen a baby with such a sweet, sunny disposition. In fact, he never cries. Why most of the time you wouldn't know we have a baby in the house. I was saying to Fred just the other night—I was saying—Fred dear, I think that's the baby. Will you run upstairs and see what's the matter with him? I'm sure it's nothing serious. He probably just has a little colic or something. I'm not the type of young mother who goes into hysterics every time her baby cries a little bit. Because, of course, all babies cry—especially at night. Although Junior's much better about that than most babies. He always sleeps straight through from three or four in the morning until seven. Of course he isn't really crying now the way most babies do. He's just sort of talking to himself. Still, I wonder if he hasn't caught a little cold. The weather has been so unsettled this last week. I think I'll just take a run upstairs and see what's the matter. Will you excuse me? Oh, by the way, Mr. Weeple, would you mind calling up Eisenglass 7869, and ask Dr. Zipser to come right over. I'm positive there isn't a thing in the world the matter with Junior but one can't be too careful with a small baby, can one?"

Robert Lord.



"For heaven's sake, Jim, hurry up with that taxi. My nose is simply frozen."

—Texas Ranger

"LOOK who has come to the party Mac. This will speed matters up, no end."



Sunkist Jr.

salutes

Life, Jr.

TO add to indoor sport—orange juice squozen electrically—Life Jr., you know what this will do to accelerate the preparation and drinking of orange juice in the great American desert.

A glass or a gallon—for the solo Orange Juice addict or for the gang—either is a matter of a moment to Sunkist Jr. And moments, you know, are precious when there is Orange Juice drinking to be done.

Halve a pile of Oranges and then merely touch each half orange to the whizzing cone of Sunkist Jr.—and there's your juice. After the squeezing, just hold two simple aluminum parts under the faucet. No work—no responsibility—what more could Life Jr. ask?

The strong sturdy Sunkist Jr. will destroy millions of oranges,

so the Sunkist growers are putting it out selfishly—at the very low price of \$14.95. (It's 10 in. high and weighs 6 lbs.)

The next time anyone asks "But how will we squeeze the oranges?" point to Sunkist Jr. and reply "Here's how."



Sunkist
Junior Electric JUICE Extractor

[FOR QUICK RETURN be sure to mail to distribution office nearest your home.]

California Fruit Growers Exchange

Chicago, Ill., Div. 2404, 900 North Franklin Street
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My dealer cannot supply me. Money order for \$14.95 enclosed for one Sunkist Junior Home Electric Juice Extractor, mail prepaid. Canada, \$19.95.

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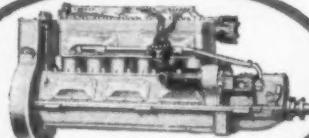
Matthews stock cruisers are known and recognized the world over for their extreme roominess, staunchness and sea-going dependability. The fact that Kermath engines are standard power—have been for seven years—in all Matthews boats is still further proof of the outstanding excellence represented by this famous boat-building organization.

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Dear LIFE:

Will you give me just a tiny place in one of your columns to ease my mind of something I have to say? It is about bridge. I hate the game and despise those who play it. The waste of time, talent and good tobacco smoke that goes into that so-called recreation would run the industries of the country for the next four years and bring decency even to New York.

Bridge does not develop the mind. It degrades it, and enfeebles the intelligence. There is not one intelligent argument in its favor. I call upon the people of the U. S. to abolish the silly game and get to work.

Elmer Wing,
Columbus, Ohio.

Editor of LIFE

Dear Sir:

Will you please fire, bury or otherwise get rid of Knickerbocker, Jr. He is destroying my peace of mind. The more I read about the goings on in New York the more I wish I were there; and this year I must miss my annual trip to the "Big Sucker City." Don't keep rubbing it in, LIFE. Fire Knick at once.

Give my love to Texas Guinan. She won't remember me, but tell her that here's another Westerner pining for a four-day Whoopee.

I wouldn't live there if you paid me.

Edgar C. Watts,
Butte, Montana.

Editor of LIFE

Dear Sir:

Why don't you get out a good magazine instead of using all those stupid pictures? Pictures appeal only to the lowest forms of animal life, namely tabloid readers. I read the *American Mercury* and other publications and enjoy them but I've never read LIFE and never will. Too many pictures.

Scott Peters,
Little Rock, Arkansas.

Dear Editor:

Thank Heaven LIFE is back to 10c. I've read it every week but you have no idea (or perhaps you have) how valuable a nickel is in New York City, for subways, telephone, etc. Thank you, LIFE, thank you again for letting me keep that extra nickel in my pocket.

An old time reader.

Dear LIFE:

LIFE is not what it was. What has happened to all the good "tramp" jokes you used to run? Isn't the tramp funny any more? Or is the country too prosperous for such as he?

Anyway I miss "Weary Willie" and "Dusty Rhodes" cooking their meals in an old tin can by the railroad track. I miss the "Dude," too. Do you remember that he was always sucking the head of his cane. And I miss "Willie Bostonbean" with his erudite remarks.

LIFE's jokes now are all about Mussolini, prohibition and aeroplanes. All very amusing I admit, but tell me what has happened to Dusty Rhodes? Has he made his pile?

H. H. Buchanan,
Sacramento, Cal.

PACKARD

Packard has pioneered as boldly in modern industry as earlier Americans in opening a western empire to progress



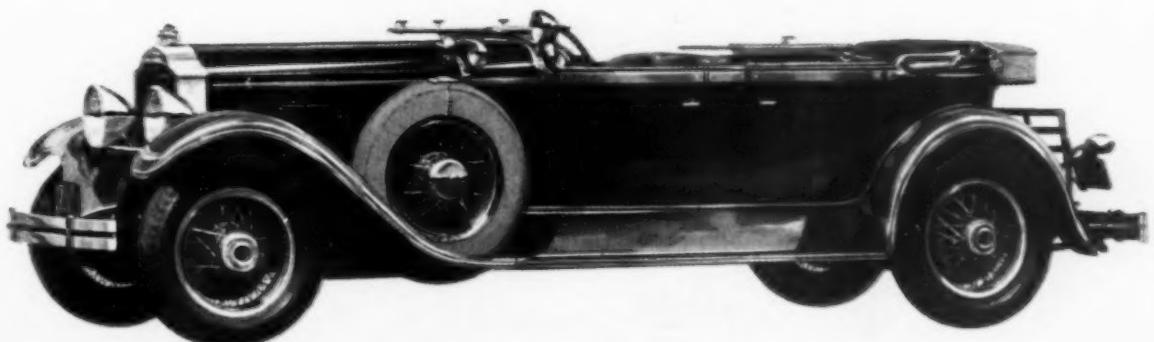
Packard has ever looked beyond the boundaries of accepted practice to new horizons. A policy of pioneering research, established thirty years ago, has guided not only designing engineers, but those charged with the development of Packard manufacturing methods.

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To see Hawaii some time between May and August, when the flame-trees are in bloom, is one of the world's most colorful travel experiences—even for those who have shared the gayety of the winter season at Waikiki, when smart refugees from wintry climates gather to revel in the velvety warm waters of Hawaii's world-famed beaches.

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sightseeing, native Hawaiian concerts and dances—a month goes by before you realize that tomorrow's steamer must take you home!

Hawaii is only 2,000 miles (four to six days' delightful voyage) from the Pacific Coast, and all-inclusive tours range upward from \$300 for three weeks, to \$400 and \$500, including all steamer fares, hotels and sightseeing, for a month's trip with two weeks or more ashore. De luxe accommodations, also, that are equal to those of Europe's most renowned resorts.

Hawaii is U. S. A.—and railroad and travel agents everywhere can book you direct from home without passports or formalities, via San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle or Vancouver, B. C., to suit your sightseeing plans en route. Ask your local travel agent about a vacation in Hawaii now.

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